



The Pretty BALLAD SINGERS.



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THE
TOWN AND COUNTRY
SONG - BOOK:

CONTAINING

A Choice COLLECTION of New
Hunting, Love, &c. SONGS,

That are Sung in all

Public Places of DIVERSION.

L O N D O N :

Printed & sold by H Fenwick No 20
Newgate, Street

T H
TOWN AND COUNTRY
BOOK

CONTAINING

A Choice Collection of New

Printings



Division

LONDON

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1844

MODERN BALLADS.

SONG. *A Hunting Song.*

NO joys can compare
To the hunting of the hare,
In the morning, the morning, in sweet and
pleasant weather;
When the beagles they surround,
We've a sport upon the ground,
And sing tarra, huzza, and sing tarra, huzza,
and sing tarra,
Brave boys we will hollow.
Then up she arise,
And away from us she flies,
O we'll give her, we'll send her a thundering
hollow;
With horse and with hound,
We'll pull her courage down,
And sing tarra, huzza, and sing tarra, huzza,
and sing tarra,
Brave boys we will follow.
O'er vallies and plains
We will gallop amain
While poor puss is, poor puss is away from
us she's flying;
But her breath growing short
With the ending of the sport,
And to lose us, huzza, and to lose us, huzza,
and to lose us
In vain she's contriving.

6 S O N G S.

Poor pufs being kill'd
 We retire from the field,
 To be merry boys, be merry boys, and drive
 away all sorrow;
 We have nothing for to fear,
 But to drive away all care,
 And to vanish, huzza, and to vanish, huzza,
 and to vanish
 All thoughts of to-morrow.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Vincent, at Marybone-Gardens.

THE lark's shrill Note awakes the morn,
 The breezes wave the ripen'd corn;
 The yellow harvest, free from spoil,
 Rewards the happy farmer's toil;
 The flowing bowl succeeds the flail,
 O'er which he tells the jocund tale.

S O N G. *The Jovial Fellows.*

FAREWEL sorrow, farewell pain,
 We will now to drink again;
 Discontent and haggard care,
 Finds no entrance where we are.

Human nature will decay,
 Life's short pleasure's haste away,
 Come then mortals let's be wise;
 Present time we ought to prize.

Leave the pride of pomp and state;
 Contentment dwells not with the great;
 Thus we're happier far than they;
 No man living can gainsay.

Bacchus

Bacchus cheers my drooping heart,
 Joy and transports doth impart;
 While we hem'n the flowing bowi,
 We with raptures fill the soul.

Wine new pleasures doth create,
 The pow'r of kings doth elevate,
 Greater praises than are thine,
 Rosy, sparkling, gen'rous Wine.

Move the bottle fill the glass;
 Thus the pleasing moments pass;
 Jovial fellows, drink about,
 We'll have more when this is out.

S O N G.

Hark ! to the Woods. A Hunting Song.

WHEN Phoebus begins just to peep o'er
 the hills,

With horns we awaken the day,
 And rouse brother sportsman who sluggishly
 sleep,

With hark, to the woods, hark ! away :
 See ! the hounds are uncoupled in musical cry,
 How sweetly it echoes around !

And high-mettled steeds with their neighings,
 All seem with pleasure to echo the sound.

Behold when fly Reynard with Pannick and
 dread,

At a distance o'er hillocks doth bound,
 The pack on the scent fly with rapid career,
 Hark ! the horns, O how sweetly they sound !

Now

S O N G S.

Now on to the chace, o'er hills and o'er dales,
 All dangers we nobly defy;
 Our nags are all stout, and our sports we'll
 pursue,
 With shouts that resound to the sky.
 But see how he lags, all his arts are in vain,
 No longer with swiftness he flies;
 Each hound in his fury determines his fate;
 The traitor is seiz'd on and dies;
 With shouting and joy we return from the field,
 With drink crown the sports of the day,
 Then to rest we recline till the horn call again,
 Then away! to the woodlands away!

S O N G.

RAIL no more, ye learned asses,
 'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies;
 Sound its depth, and fill your glasses,
 Wisdom at the bottom lies:
 Fill 'em higher still, and higher,
 Shallow draughts perplex the brain;
 Sipping quenches all our fire,
 Bumpers light it up again.
 Draw the scene for wit and pleasure,
 Enter jollity and joy;
 We for thinking have no leisure,
 Manly mirth is our employ;
 Since in life there's nothing certain,
 We'll the present hour engage;
 And, when death shall drop the curtain,
 With applause we'll quit the stage.

S O N G

S O N G. *Sweet Willy.*

THE pride of all nature was sweet *Willy O*;
 The first of all swains,
 He gladen'd the plains;
 None ever was like to the sweet *Willy O*.
 He sung it so rarely did sweet *Willy O*;
 He melted each maid,
 So skilful he play'd,
 No shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet *Willy O*.
 All nature obey'd him the sweet *Willy O*;
 Wherever he came,
 What e'er had a name,
 Whenever he sung follow'd sweet *Willy O*.
 He would be a soldier, the sweet *Willy O*;
 When arm'd in the field,
 With sword and with shield,
 The laurel was won by the sweet *Willy O*.
 He charm'd them when living, the sweet
Willy O;
 And when *Willy* dy'd,
 'Twas nature that sigh'd
 To part with her All in her sweet *Willy O*.

S O N G.

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,
 And banishes despair;
 If yet my dearest Damon lives,
 Make him, ye Gods, your care.

Dispe'

Dispel these gloomy shades of night,
 My tender grief remove;
 Oh! send some chearing ray of light,
 And guide me to my love.

Thus, in a secret friendly shade,
 The penfive Cælia mourn'd,
 While courteous echo lent her aid,
 And sigh for sigh return'd.

When, sudden, Damon's well-known face
 Each rising fear disarms,
 He eager springs to her embrace,
 She sinks into his arms.

S O N G. *The Rover.*

IN all the sex some charms I find;
 I love to try all womankind.
 The fair, the smart, the witty,
 The fair, the smart, the witty.
 In Cupid's fetters most severe,
 I languish'd out a long, long year,
 The slave of wanton Kitty,
 The slave of wanton Kitty.

At length I broke the galling chain,
 And swore that love was endless Pain,
 One constant scene of folly.
 One constant, &c.

I vow'd no more to wear the yoke;
 But soon I felt a second stroke,
 And sigh'd for blue-ey'd Molly,
 And sigh'd, &c.

With

With tresses neat of flaxen hue,
 Young Jenny did my soul subdue,
 That lives in yonder valley,
 That lives, &c.

Then Cupid threw another snare,
 And caught me in the curling hair
 Of little tempting Sally,
 Of little, &c.

Adorn'd with charms, tho' blithe and young,
 My roving heart from bondage sprung,

This heart of yielding mettle.

This heart of yielding mettle:

And now it wanders here and there,
 By turns the prize of brown and fair,

But never more will settle.

But never more will settle.

S O N G. *The Fair Monitor.*

YOU'VE sure forgot, dear mother mine,
 When you was once as blithe as me;
 When vows were offer'd at your shine,
 And lovers dropt on bended knee:
 When you cou'd sing, and dance, and play;
 Alas! December treads on May.

Behold dame nature's fav'rite blow,
 The rich Jonquil, the blushing Rose
 How short a date their beauties know,

Surrounded by a thousand foes;

'Till time decrees their full decay,

And harsh December treads on May.

The

The whole creation owns this truth ;
 Then why should wrinkled brows exact
 The mode, severe on blooming youth,
 By which themselves cou'd never act ?
 The blood that's warm will have its way,
 Too soon December treads on May.

Then, swains, with tabor, pipe, and glee,
 Let's whilst we're here, grim care deride ;
 Come sport and frolic free with me,
 In spite of age, and prudish pride :
 The laws of love—all should obey,
 Before December treads on May.

S O N G. *The Song of Diana.*

Sung by Miss Poitier, at Covent Garden.

W I T H horn and with hound I waken
 the Day,
 And hie to my woodlands walk away ;
 I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
 And tie to my Forehead a waxing moon ;
 I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
 And chase the wild goats o'er the summits
 of rocks :
 With shouting and hooting, we pierce thro'
 the sky,
 And echo twins hunter, and doubles the cry.

S O N G. *Sung by Mr. Lowe.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

H A R K the horn calls—away !
 Come the grave ; come the gay,
 Wake to Music that wakens the skies,
 Quit the bondage of flesh and rise.

S O N G S.

13

S O N G.

From the east breaks the morn,
See the sun-beams adorn

The wild heath and the mountain so high :
Shrilly ope's the stanch hound ;
The steed neighs to the sound,
And the woods and the vallies reply.

Our forefathers so good,
Prov'd their greatness of blood,
By encount'ring the pard and the boar ;
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chace,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence of noble descent,
Hills and dales we frequent,
When the bosom of nature's reveal'd ;
Tho' in life's busy Day,
Man of man makes a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field.

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Brent, in Love in a Village.

MY heart's my own, my will is free,
And so shall be my voice :
No mortal man shall wed with me,
Till first he's made my choice.

Let parents rule, cry nature's 'laws,
And children still obey,
And is there then no saving clause
Against tyrannic sway ?

O N G.

S O N G. *A Hunting CANTATA.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

WH O, who is this, that strikes my
wond'ring eyes?

'Tis rosy health, an hunter in disguise!
He comes to win me from soft pleasure's train.
And thus he speaks in his enlivening strain.

S O N G.

Now the dawn's peeping over the hill,
To sleep-breaking echoes arise,
Hark! the hounds and the hunters loud fill
The woods with their shouts and their cries.
Pursue o'er the mountains your prey,
Be first of the heart-cheering race,
All rous'd by the toils of the day,
You'll own the delights of the chase.

A hu ter, no more you'll complain,
No spleen-brooding cares shall you know,
A stranger to sickness and pain,
With life and new vigour you'll glow;
Then fly from the pleasures that pall,
That languor most earnestly yield,
But wake to the horn's early call,
And haste to the sports of the field.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Dyer, in Love in a Village.

TH I N K, my fairest, how delay,
Danger ev'ry moment brings;
Time flies swift, and will away,
Time, that's ever on its wings.

Doubting

S. O N G S.

15

Doubting and suspense at best,
 Lover's late repentance cost;
 Let us, eager to be blest,
 Seize occasion ere 'tis lost.

S. O N G.

Women, Love and Wine.

THE murm'ring brooks, the fanning
 breeze,

Gay myrtles, flow'ry banks and trees,

To doat on some incline;

But nobler blessings I advise,

The greatest joys above the skies,

Are women, love and wine,

But nobler, &c.

From scene to scene while thousands rove,

Unless by woman, wine and love,

In secret let them pine;

While I the world with pleasure tell,

We all may ev'ry care dispel,

With women, love and wine,

While I the, &c.

The restless wretch who doats on gold,

And wou'd in flames the world behold,

To see his treasure shine;

Shall gen'rous grow, his self despise,

Be happy, joyous, honest, wise,

By women, love and wine,

Shall gen'rous, &c.

May youth and age of all degrees,

On such inspiring comforts seize,

'Till

'Twill ev'ry sense refine;
 To see mankind so nobly blest,
 Superior pow'rs shall wish to taste,
 Of women, love and wine,
 To see mankind, &c.

Ye sons of joy or true delight,
 Dear woman, love and wine unite,
 This great resolve is mine;
 Forgetting ev'ry care that's past,
 My joy shall flow while life doth last,
 From women, love and wine,
 Forgetting ev'ry, &c.

SONG. *The Glove.*

AS Phœbe one day
 Was plucking her May,
 By the side of a neighbouring grove,
 She chanced to rush
 Thro' an envious bush,
 That pilfer'd her favourite glove.

Young Damon to aid,
 A plot had been laid
 'Twixt Hymen and Venus above;
 For thither 'tis known,
 The shepherds were shewn,
 And pick'd up the favourite glove.

No more he's perplext
 To find a pretext
 For access, to tell her his love;
 Elate with his lot,
 He ran to her cot,
 And held up her favourite glove.

“ Oh

"Oh Damon 'tis mine,
 (She urg'd with a whine)
 "I've lost it to-day in the grove."
 But all were in vain,
 The love-stricken swain
 Kept patting her hand with the glove.

All arts she cou'd try,
 To make him comply,
 She found but abortive to prove,
 He urg'd it was hard
 To have no reward,
 For finding her favourite glove.

A mutual flame,
 "Now burst thro' her frame,
 In vain to conceal it she strove:
 Then, fetching a sigh,
 With a glance of her eye,
 She gave him her heart for the glove.

SONG.

The Way to Keep Him.

YE fair, possess'd of every charm
 To captivate the will;
 Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,
 Whose frowns at once can kill;
 Say, will you deign the verse to hear,
 Where flattery bears no part?
 A honest verse, what flows sincere,
 And candid from the heart.

Great is your pow'r, but greater yet
 Mankind it might engage,
 If, s ye all can make a net,
 Ye all could make a cage,
 Each Nymph a thousand Hearts may take,
 For who's to beauty blind?
 But to what end a pris'ner make,
 Unless we've strength to bind?
 Attend the counsel often told——
 Too often told in vain——
 Learn that best art, the art to hold,
 And lock the lover's chain.
 Gamblers to little purpose win,
 Who lose again as fast;
 Though beauty may the charm begin,
 'Tis sweetness makes it last.

S O N G. *Favourite NAN.*

BEAR witness, ye watch by the mansions
 of grace,
 I envy not sportsmen the charms of the chase:
 The joys of the fields let them taste when
 they can,
 More joys I can find in the smiles of my *Nan*.
 When Cynthia first silvers the turbulent deep,
 And poor weary'd mortals lie pillow'd in
 sleep;
 'Tis then my fond passion I ardently fan,
 And sit and chit-chat by the side of my *Nan*.
 I'd appeal to the spheres, would the spheres
 but declare.
 If they saw in the circuits so happy a pair:
 I care

S O N G S.

I care not for fortune, nor envy no man,
 Contented I roam with my sweet little *Nan*.
 Should Jove a new world but hereafter give
 birth,
 And planted with mortals, like those of the
 earth :
 To give more endearments & vigour to man,
 His help-mate he'd form from the form of
 my *Nan*.

S O N G. *The Borrowed Kiss.*

SEE I languish, see I faint !
 I must borrow, beg, or steal ;
 Can you see a Soul in want,
 And no kind compassion feel ?
 Give, or lend, or let me take,
 One sweet kiss ; I ask no more :
 One sweet kiss, for pity's sake—
 I'll repay it o'er and o'er,
 I'll repay it o'er and o'er.
 Chloe heard, and with a smile,
 Kind, compassionate and sweet,
 Colin ! it's a sin to steal,
 And for me to give not meet ;
 But I'll lend a kiss or twain
 To poor Colin in distress :
 Not that I'll be paid again ;
 Colin ! I mean nothing less.

S O N G. *The Fond Fair.*

WHEN lovers for favours petition,
 Oh ! then they approach with respect,
 But when in our hearts they've admission,
 They treat us with scorn and neglect.

'Tis dangerous ever to try 'em,
 So artful are men to deceive,
 'Tis safer, much safer to fly 'em,
 So easy are maids to believe.

○ Cupid, why art thou pursuing
 Such endless designs on my heart,
 To make me so fond of my ruin,
 And doat on the cause of my smart.
 In vain do I strive to remove him,
 Affection to reason is blind;
 In spite of his failings I love him,
 He's charming, tho' false and unkind.

S O N G. *The Fickle Swain.*

○ H! lovely Celia, heav'nly maid!
 Kind, gentle, fair, and free,
 Kind, gentle, fair, and free;
 In all thy sex's charms array'd,
 How few are form'd like thee?

Thy Image always fills my mind,
 The theme of ev'ry song;
 I'm fix'd to thee alone, I find,
 But ask not for how long.

The fair in gen'ral I've admir'd,
 Have long been false and true;
 And when the last my fancy tir'd,
 It wander'd round to you.

The while I can, I'll be sincere,
 As turtles to their mates;
 This moment's your's and mine, my dear!
 The next, you know, is fate's.

SONGS.

SONG. *Generous Love.*

LOVE's a gentle gen'ious passion,
Source of all sublime delights,
Which, with mutual inclination,
Two fond hearts in one unites,
Two fond hearts in one unites.
What are titles, pomp, and riches,
If compar'd with true content?
That false joy, which now bewitches,
When obtain'd, we may repent.
Lawless passions bring vexation;
But a chaste and constant love
Is a glorious Emulation
Of the blissful state above.

SONG.

DECLARE, my pretty maid,
Must my fond suit miscarry?
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play,
But hang me if I marry.
Then speak your mind at once,
Nor let me longer tarry;
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play;
But hang me if I marry.
Tho' charms and wit assail,
The stroke I well can parry:
I love to kiss, to toy and play;
But do not chuse to marry.
Young Molly of the dale
Makes a mere slave of Harry;
Because, when they had toy'd and kiss'd,
The foolish swain wou'd marry.
These

These fix'd resolves, my dear,
 Into the grave will carry :
 With you I'll toy, and kiss, and play,
 But hang me if I marry.

S O N G.

The Crying and Laughing SONG.

WHEN I awake, with painful brow,
 Ere the cock begins to crow ;
 Tossing, tumbling, in my bed,
 Aching heart and aching head ;
 Pond'ring over human ills,
 Cruel bailiffs, taylor's bills ;
 Flush and Pam thrown up at Loo :
 When these sorrows strike my view,
 I cry——

And, to stop the gushing tear,
 Wipe it with the pillow-bier.
 But when sportive ev'ning comes,
 Routs, riddottos, balls, and drums ;
 Casinos here, Festinos there,
 Mirth and pastime ev'ry where ;
 Seated by a sprightly lass,
 Smiling with the smiling glass :
 When these pleasures are my lot,
 Taylors, bailiffs, all forgot,

I laugh——
 Careless, then, what may befall,
 Thus I shake my sides at all.

Then, again, when I peruse,
 O'er my tea, the morning news ;
 Dismal tales of plunder'd houses,
 Wanton wives, and cuckold spouses ;

When

When I read of money lent,
At sixteen and a half per cent.

I cry——

But if, ere the muffin's gone,
Simp'ring enters honest John;

“ Sir, Miss Lucy's at the door,

“ Waiting in a chaise and four: ”

Instant vanish all my cares,

Swift I scamper down the stairs,

And laugh——

So may this indulgent throng,

Who now, smiling, grace my song,

Never more cry, oh! oh! oh!

But join with me in ha! ha! ha!

S O N G. The Approach of May.

Written by Mr. Cunningham.

THE virgin, when soften'd by May,

Attends to the villager's vows;

The bird's sweetly bill on the spray,

The poplars embrace with their boughs.

On Ida bright Venus may reign,

Ador'd for her beauty above;

We shepherds who dwell on the plain,

Hail May as the mother of love.

From the west as it wantonly blows,

Fond zephyr caresses the vine,

The bee steals a kiss from the rose,

And willows and woodbines entwine.

The pinks by the rivulet side,

That border the vernal alcove,

Bend downward to kiss the soft tide:

For May is the mother of love.

May

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
 He flutters in bridal array;
 If the lark and the linnet now sing,
 Their music is taught them by May:
 The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,
 Conceals her fond blifs in the grove;
 And, murmuring, seems to repeat,
 That May is the mother of love.

The goddess will visit ye soon,
 Ye virgins be sportive and gay;
 Get your pipes, oh! ye shepherds, in tune,
 For music must welcome the day.
 Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
 And all his keen anguish remove;
 Let him tell a soft tale, and he'll find
 That May is the mother of love.

S O N G

The Origin of English Liberty.

Written by G. A. Stevens.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial
 feast,
 Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing;
 Merry Momus, among them, was sat as a
 guest,
 (Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing:)
 On each in the synod the humourist droll'd,
 So none could his jokes disapprove;
 He sung, repartee'd, and some smart stories
 told,
 And at last thus began upon Jove.

Sire!

When

' Sire! Atlas, who long has the universe bore,
' Grows grievously tired of late;

' He says, that mankind are much worse than
before,

' So he begs to be eas'd of their weight.'
Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was
hurl'd,

From his shoulders commanded the ball,
Gave his daughter, Attraction, the charge
of the world,

And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the
globe round,

To see what each climate was worth;
Like a diamond, the whole with an atmosphere
bound,

And she variously planted the earth;
With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd;
France and Spain she taught vineyards to
rear;

What suited each clime, on each clime she
bestow'd,

And freedom she found flourish'd here.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,

As guardians to cherish the root;
The blossoms of liberty 'gan then to smile,
And Englishmen fed on the fruit.

Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty so
rare,

O preserve it as free as 'twas given!

" We will, while we've breath, nay, we'll
grasp it in death,

" Then return it untinted to heav'n."

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S O N G S.

S O N G.

The Roast Beef of Old England. A Cantata.

Recitative.

'TWAS at the gates of Ca'ais, Hogarth
tells,

Where sad despair and famine always dwells,
A meagre Frenchman, Madam Grandfire's
cook,

As home he steer'd, his carcase that way took ;
Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir Loin,
On whom he often wish'd, in vain, to dine :
Good Father Dominick by chance came by,
With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy
eye ;

Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
His benediction on it he bestow'd :
And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,
He lick'd his chaps, and thus the knight
address'd.

AIR.

O rare roast beef ! lov'd by all mankind,
If I were doom'd to have thee,
When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
And swimming in thy gravy,
Not all thy country force combin'd
Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd Sir Loin, oft-times decreed
I he theme of English ballad ;
On thee s'en kings have deign'd to feed,
Unknown to Frenchmen's palate :
Then how much doth thy taste exceed
Soup meagre, frogs, and falled !

Recitative.

Recitative.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale and lean,
 Who such a sight before had never seen,
 Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping stood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food.
 His morning's mess forsook the friendly bowl,
 And in small streams along the pavement stole.
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief.
 And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief,

A I R.

Ah, sacre dieu ! vat do I see yonder,
 Dat look so tempting red and vite ?
 Begar, it is the roast beef from Londre ;
 Oh ! grant to me von lettle bite ?

But to my guts if you give no heeding,
 And cruel fate dis boon denies ;
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,
 Return, and let me feast my eyes.

Recitative.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
 Whole brazen front his country did betray,
 From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
 By honest means to gain his daily bread :
 Soon as the well-known prospect he descry'd,
 In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd.

A I R.

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to
 rise,
 Sweet beef, &c.

So taking thy sight is,
 My joy, that so light is,
 To view thee, by pallsfulls runs out of my eyes.

While

While here I remain, my life's not worth a
farthing,

While here, &c.

Ah, hard-hearted Loui,

Why did I come to you!

The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd
me from starving.

Recitative.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney sat;
Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate;
But when Old England's bulwark he espy'd,
His dear lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aside:
With lifted hand he bless'd his native place,
Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd
his case.

A I R.

How hard, oh! Sawney, is thy lot,
Who was so blythe of late;

To see such meat as can't be got,

When hunger is so great!

O the beef! the bonny, bonny beef,

When roasted nice and brown;

I wish I had a slice of thee,

How sweet it would gang down!

Ah, Charley! had thou not been seen,

This ne'er had happ'd to me;

I would the de'el had pick'd mine ey'n,

Ere I had gang'd wi' thee.

O the beef, &c.

Recitative.

But see! my muse to England takes her flight,
Where health and plenty socially unite;

Where

Where smiling freedom guards great George's
 throne,
 And whips, and chains, and tortures, are
 not known,
 Tho' Britain's fame in loftiest strains should
 ring,
 In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

A I R.

As once on a time a young frog, pert and vain,
 Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
 He boasted his size he could quickly attain.

O the roast beef of Old England,
 And O the Old English roast beef.

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
 Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old
 dame,
 Cry'd, "Son, to attempt it you're surely to
 blame."

O the roast beef, &c.

But deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst,
 An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first;
 Till swelling and straining too hard made him
 burst.

O the roast beef, &c.

Then, Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear;
 The ox is Old England, the frog is Monsieur,
 Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.

O the roast beef, &c.

For while, by our commerce and arts, we are
 able

To see the Sir Loin smoaking hot on our table,
 The French may e'en burst, like the frog in
 the fable.

O the roast beef, &c.

S O N G

S O N G. *Old England's my Toast.*

WH O thirsts for more knowledge is
 welcome to roam,
 He may seek a new climate who is wretched
 at home ;
 Who of pleasure or folly has not had his fill,
 May quit poor Old England whenever he will :
 But nothing shall tempt me to cross the salt
 main,
 For change I'm too steady, and rambling is
 pain.
 Old England, brave boys, good enough is
 for me,
 Where my thoughts I can speak, where by
 birth-right I'm free ;
 Whatever I wish for now comes at my call,
 I can sport in the field, or can roar in my hall ;
 My time is my own, I can do as I will,
 I have children that prattle, a wife that is still.
 I feel that I'm happy, tho' taxes run high,
 I want no exotics, so easy am I ;
 I'm alive to my friends, and at peace with
 the dead,
 With party and state I ne'er trouble my head ;
 Contention I hate, and a bumper love most,
 You'll pledge me I'm sure, for Old England's
 my toast.

S O N G, *The State of a Lover.*

HOW happy a lover's life passes,
 When beauty returns sigh for sigh !
 He looks upon all men as asses
 Who have not some girl in their eye.

With

S O N G S.

With heart full as light as a feather,
He trips to the terrace or parks;
Where swains croud impatient together,
And maidens look out for their sparks.

What sweet palpitation arises,

When Chloe appears full in view!

Her smiles at more value he prizes,

Than misers the mines of Peru.

Tho' swift-winged time, as they're walking,

Soon parts them, alas! by his flight;

By reflection he still hears her talking,

And absent, he keeps her in sight.

Whenever abroad he regales him,

And Bacchus calls out for his lass;

His love for his Chloe ne'er fails him,

Her name gives a zest to his glass.

No other amusements he prizes,

Than those that from Chloe arise;

She's first in his thoughts when he rises,

And last when he closes his eyes.

Then let not ambition distress us,

Or fortune's fantastical chace;

Love only with Chloe can bless us,

And give all we want to embrace.

S O N G. *The Monstrous Good Song.*

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.

BESTOW your attention on this little song;

If it's not very good, it is not very long;

I flatter myself no person here grudges

To give an opinion, you're monstrous good
judges;

The

S O N G S.

The sage politician still low'rs on the times,
On ruin and beggary ringing the chimes ;
The free-hearted fellow, old quidnunc de-
spise,

Who revel like princes they're monstrously
wise :

The ladies, good creatures, mean all for the
best,

Why if the French come they shall find us
well dress'd ;

Encamp'd so like soldiers, hair powder'd
and fuzzled,

To decide which is which they'd be mon-
strously puzzled.

Let no sour grey-beard deride their intention,
Any lady among them cou'd vanquish a
Frenchman ;

Shou'd the Monseurs invade, what with
women and men,

They'd be monstrously glad to get safe back
again.

Some disciplinarians, who service have known
Think Britons have spirit enough of their own ;
They see with concern our fair ladies roam,
And think they'd be monstrously better at
home.

Each Night hither flock, then let pleasure
invite,

Here Venus, Apollo and Bacchus delight ;
If I but enjoy the gay smiles of this Throng,
I shall think this of mine is a monstrous good
song.

S O N G

S O N G. Sung in the *Padlock*.

SAY, little foolish flutt'ring thing,
Whither, ah! whither would you wing
Your airy flight?
Stay here and sing,
Your mistress to delight.

No, no, no,
Sweet Robin, you shall not go!
Where, you wanton, could you be
Half so happy as with me?

S O N G. *Phillida*. Sung by Mr. *Vernon*.

COME all ye shepherds of the plain,
Come ev'ry nymph and ev'ry Swain,
Leave all your work and haste away,
For Damon weds his *Phillida*:
Let mirth and pleasure then go round,
Let ev'ry heart with joy abound,
And we'll be merry, brisk and gay,
For Damon weds his *Phillida*.

The swains shall pipe in pleasing strains,
The nymphs shall dance blithe o'er the plains,
In honour of the happy day
That Damon weds his *Phillida*:
No melancholy shall be seen,
All shall be happy on the green,
For we'll cast all our cares away,
When Damon weds his *Phillida*.

The rose and lily we'll entwine,
And ev'ry pleasing flower we'll join,
And make a chaplet fair and gay,
To deck the lovely *Phillida*:

Bereah

S O N G S.

Beneath their feet we flow'rs will strew,
 And garlands hang on every bough,
 And all to grace the wedding-day
 Of Damon and his Phillida.

S O N G. On Tobacco.

TOBACCO's but an Indian weed,
 Grows green at morn, cut down at eve;
 It shews our decay, we are but clay.
 Think on this when you smoke tobacco.

The pipe that is so sly white,
 Wherein so many take delight,
 Is broke with a touch; man's life is such
 Think on this when you smoke tobacco.

The pipe that is so foul within,
 Shews how man's soul is stain'd with sin;
 It does require to be purg'd with fire.
 Think of this when you take tobacco.

The ashes that are left behind,
 Do serve to put us all in mind,
 That into dust return we must.
 Think on this when you smoke tobacco.

The smoke that does so high ascend,
 Shews that man's life must have an end;
 The vapour's gone, man's life is done.
 Think on this when you take tobacco.

S O N G. The Female Hunter.

Sung by Miss Thornton.

A Sweet scented beau and a sim'ring young
 chit,
 An artful attorney, a rake and a wit,

Set

S O N G S.

31

Set out on the chace in pursuit of her heart,
 Whilst Chloë disdainfully laughed at their art;
 And rous'd by the hounds to meet the sweet
 Morn,

And rous'd by the hounds, &c.

Tantivy, she follow'd the echoing horn.

Wit swore by his fancy, the beau by his face,
 The lawyer with quibble, set out on the chace,
 The cit with exactness made up his account,
 The rake told his conquests, how vast the
 amount;

She laugh'd at their follies, and blithe as the
 morn,

Tantivy, she follow'd the echoing horn.

Their clamorous noise rous'd a jolly young
 swain,

Hark forward, he cry'd, then bounc'd over
 the plan;

He distanc'd the wit, the cit, quibble and
 he u,

And won the fair nymph with hollo hillio:

Now together they sing a sweet hymn to the
 morn,

Tantivy, they follow the echoing horn.

S O N G. *Woman.*

Sung at *Marybone*. Written by Mr. *Boyce*.

SOME love to range, so fond of change,
 Variety's their shrine;

Each has his scheme and fav'rite whim,

But woman, woman's mine.

The

The festive bowl, the martial soul,
 The miser I decline;
 Like childish toys, to some they're joys,
 But lovely woman's mine.

With various arts she charms our hearts,
 And makes this life divine;
 For all the tricks of all the sex,
 I'd still have woman mine.

Let ideots rave, who what they'd have
 The sex they can't define;
 Just as she is, she's form'd to please,
 And long be woman mine.

The sparkling eye, the melting sigh,
 When heart and heart conjoin;
 The bliss of love, all bliss above,
 Make charming woman mine.

In pomp and state, succeed ye great,
 I'll envy nor repine;
 If blest with pow'r, to life's last hour,
 To keep dear woman mine.



S O N G. *The Court of Vauxhall.*

Written for and sung by Mr. *Vernon.*

Set to Music by the AUTHOR.

LET pleasure's gay queen hold her court
where she may,
At Almack's by night, at St. James's by day;
Yet say what men will, and when envy says all,
There's nothing can vie with her court at
Vauxhall.

The lawyers so learned, so grave, and so wise,
For us quit their briefs, and for us quit their
tyes;

Retire to our gardens, their minds to unbend,
And sup with a client, or sup with a friend.

The doctor of physic, return'd from his round,
Gives us the odd shilling, and pockers the
pound;

And lest the chill damp of the evening should
hurt,

Prescribes for his party—a large dose of port.

The parson so sleek in his bettermost wig,
Calls loudly for ham, tho' we pay no tythe
pig;

And 'ere it strikes ten, sits down and falls to't,
With beef *in commendam*, and chickens to
boot;

The

The lords and the ladies who Ranelagh fill,
And move round and round like a horse in
a mill;

Come hither *al fresco* to take a cool walk,
When tir'd of small coffee, small tea, and
small-talk.

Our music is form'd both by nature and art,—
Perch'd up on each branch, the sweet birds
bear a part :

And when with wild notes you have sated
your ear,

Walk this way, and listen to M^r perch'd up
Here.

S O N G. A *Bacchanalian Song*.

WE'LL drink, and we'll never have done,
boys,

Put the glass then round with the sun, boys;

Let Apollo's example invite us,

For he's drunk ev'ry night,

That makes him so bright,

That he's able next morning to light us.

Drinking's a Christian diversion,

Unknown to the Turk and the Persian;

Let Mahometan fools

Live by heathenish rules,

And dream o'er their tea pots and coffee;

While the brave Britons sing,

And drink health to the king,

And a fig for their sultan and sophy.

S O N G.

SONG. *Two Strings to One's Bow.*

Sung by Miss Thornton.

THOU' by Colin I now am forsaken,
 No willow my temples shall bind;
 Tho' in one I by chance am mistaken,
 Another I hope will prove kind.
 Young Colin would leave me in sorrow;
 Yet this I would have him to know,
 From him this good maxim I borrow—
 'Tis best t'have two strings to one's bow.
 I own his bright eyes were my pleasure,
 When Love from their beams smil'd on me;
 I own he was once all my treasure,—
 But I'll be as fickle as he;
 Young Damon can cure all my sorrow;
 And this I would have you to know,
 From the men this good maxim I borrow—
 They've always two strings to their bow.
 Learn, ladies, to scorn the false rovers,
 Who shun you because you are true;
 Prove constant and kind to your lovers,
 Only while they prove constant to you;
 For a false one, 'tis folly to languish;
 Then attend to my council,—and know,
 To avoid all such pining and anguish,
 I make sure of two strings to my bow.

SONG. *A Hunting Song.*

O'E R the lawns, up the hills, as with
ardour we bound,
Led on by the loud-sounding horn;
Kind breezes still greet us, with cheerfulness
crown'd,

And joyful we meet the sweet morn.
Rosy health blooms about us with natural
grace,

Whilst echo, re-echo'd, enlivens the chase.

Should all the gay larks as they soar to the sky,
Their notes in a concert unite;
The music of hounds, when set off in full cry,
Would give a more tuneful delight.

Rosy health, &c.

'Tis over—'tis over—a pleasure divine
Fresh air and full exercise yield;

At night, my good friends, o'er the juice of
the vine

We'll sing to the sports of the field.

Rosy health, &c.

SONG. *The Caution.*

Sung by Mrs. Wrihten.

F AIR Kitty's charms young Johnny took,
So eager he for billing;

When, lo! the nymph the swain forsook,
To shew her power of killing!

The shepherd briskly chang'd his tune,

And cry'd, coquette, remember,—

The lover you refus'd in June,

You'll wish for in December.

Year!

Young Johnny soon met Philomel,
 Good-natur'd, blithe, and bonny;
 She sooth'd the love-sick swain so well,
 Proud Kate's forgot by Johnny.
 Coquettes take warning, change your tune;
 This woful truth remember,—
 The lover you refuse in June,
 You'll wish for in December.

Alas! poor Kate, with scythe so sharp,
 Time o'er the forehead struck her:
 And now her charms begin to warp,—
 She's in a piteous pucker.
 Coquettes take warning, change your tune;
 This woful truth remember,—
 The lover you refuse in June,
 You'll wish for in December.

S O N G. *The Farmer's Song.*

I N a sweet healthy air, on a farm of my own,
 Half a mile from the church, and just two
 from a town,
 Diversions and business I vary for ease,
 But your fine folks of London may do as they
 please.

By my freehold, 'tis true, I'm entitled to vote;
 But, because I will never be wrong, if I know't
 I'll adhere to no one, till each party agrees;
 But your fine folks at London, &c.

Tho' sixty, and upwards, I never knew pain,
 My goody's as ancient, yet does not complain;
 From the flocks of my own I wear coats of
 warm frize;

But your fine folks at London, &c.

I ne'er was at law in the course of my life,
Nor injur'd a neighbour in daughter or wife;
To the poor have lent money, but never took
fees,

But your fine folks at London, &c,

I ne'er had ambition to visit the great,
Yet honour my king, and will stand by the state
By the church, and dear freedom, in all it's
degrees;

But your fine folks at London may do as they
please.

S O N G. *Damon.*

SWEET, oh! sweet the flow'rs in May;
Sweet the dew drop on the spray;
Yet more than all, if all should meet,
My Damon's sweetest of the sweet.

In gentle Damon's face the rose,
Blended with the lily grows;
His sparkling eyes that glow with fire,
Mildest, gentlest love inspire.

His lips are of the rose's hue,
Still dropping with the morning dew;
While breathing and inviting love,
They softly, gently, sweetly move.

S O N G. *The Innkeeper's Song.*

W H A T think you, my masters! 'tis
wondrous to me,
That puffs are encourag'd to such a degree,
But puffs I detest, so live quiet and hush;
I sell you good wine, and good wine needs
no bush.

Posts,

Posts, pensions, and votes, are oft got by a puff,
Bar, pulpit, and theatre, thrive by the stuff.

But puffs I detest, &c.

I laugh at the newspapers till I'm half blind,
To see how by puffing men tickle mankind;

But puffs I detest, &c.

When great ones negotiate matters by puff,
To ape them mechanics are ready enough;

But puffs I detest, so live quiet and hush:

I sell you good wine, and good wine needs
no bush.

S O N G. *Fancy: A favourite Cantata,*
Sung by Mrs. Weichsell.

W H A T innocent delight sweet Fancy
yields!

With her how sweet to range the flow'ry
fields!

While parted from my love with cruel war,
Thy aid, sweet Fancy, I implore.

Smiling Fancy, softly lead

To the joys of jocund May;

To the daisy, dewy mead,

Where my shepherd us'd to stray.

Lead me where the blossom'd boughs

Form'd the bow'r to Colin dear;

And let the object of my vows,

Let my gentle swain be there.

Now, victory, crown the gallant youth;

Sweet peace and joy, our hours are thine

Oh! love, reward his loyal truth,

And myrtle with his laurels twine.

S O N G.

S O N G.

I'M a hearty good fellow, a ruby nos'd sot,
 Who never yet thought of treason or plot;
 A good bottle that's mellow the chief of my
 cares,
 And I guzzle each night till I'm carry'd up
 stairs.

For the tombs of the brave ones, the wealthy
 and wise,
 All the news that they tell us, is, under he
 lies;

'Tis a hint that I like not, a trumpery tale,
 So I drown all the thoughts on't in flaggons
 of ale.

They may call me sot, blockhead, or e'en
 what they will;

But if wealth, nor if riches, nor wisdom or
 skill,

Can their owners preserve from a church-yard
 or priest,

Why I'll live as I like it, all method's a jest.

On the lesson of nature it is that I think,
 For she taught me to love, and she taught me
 to drink;

To my pleasures full power she taught me to
 give,

And I'll stick to her maxims as long as I live.

I've money good store on't, and spend it I must,
 Be roaring and jolly, but honest and just,

That, cold in my coffin, my landlord my say,
 He's gone, and he's welcome, there's nothing
 to pay.

S O N G.

S O N G.

From the New Entertainment of the Quaker.

WHILE the lads in the village shall merrily,
ah!

Sound their tabors, I'll hand thee along;

And I say unto thee, that verily, ah!

Verily, ah! verily, ah! verily, ah!

Thou and I will be first in the throng.

Thou and I will be first, &c.

Just then, when the youth who last year won
the dow'r,

With his mate, shall the sports have begun;

When the gay voice of gladness is heard from
each bow'r,

And thou long'st in thy heart to make one,

While the lads in the village, &c.

Tho' joys that are harmless, what mortal
can blame;

'Tis my maxim that youth should be free;

And to prove that my words and my deeds
are the same,

Believe, thou shalt presently see.

While the lads in the village, &c.

S O N G. *Friendship and Wine.*

LET the grave, and the gay,

Enjoy life how they may,

My pleasures their pleasures surpass;

Go the world well or ill,

'Tis the same with me still,

If I have but my friend and my glass.

The lover may sigh,
 The courtier may lye,
 And Cæſus his treasure amafs;
 All the joys are but vain,
 That are blended with pain;
 So I'll ſtand by my friend and my glaſs.
 New life wine inſpires,
 And creates new deſires,
 And oft wins the lover his la's,
 Or his courage prepares
 To diſdain the nymph's airs;
 So I'll ſtand by my friend and my glaſs.
 The earth ſucks the rain,
 The ſun draws the main,
 With the earth we are all in a claſs;
 Then enliven the clay,
 Let us live while we may,
 And I'll ſtand by my friend and my glaſs.
 'Tis frienſhip and wine,
 Only, life can refine:
 We care not whate'er come to paſs
 With courtiers, or great men,
 There's none of us ſtatemen:
 Come, here's to our friend and our glaſs.

A HUNTING SONG, and CHORUS.

Sung by Mr *Vernon*, Mrs. *Wrighten*, Miſs
Thornſon, and Mrs. *Weichſell*.

THE ſun now peeps o'er yonder hill,
 In ſtreaks of golden red;
 For ſhame get up, nor ſlumber ſtill,—
 Quit, quit your downy bed.

Chorus.

Chorus.

For hark ! horn and hound are saluting the
day,

The fox from his covert is bursting away ;
O'er mountains he stampers, we'll double
our pace,

Swift vengeance pursues him and gladdens
our chace

Lose, lose no time, to horse my boys,

Fling off dull drowty spleen ;

The neighing sounds, and deep-tongu'd noise,
Now calls us to the green.

For hark ! horn, &c.

With rosy health our cheeks shall glow,

Our nerves with toil be throng ;

With tides of joy our blood shall flow.

Who join the hunting throng.

For hark ! horn, &c.

And when we leave the shouting field,

And night has brought us home,

Libations rich the hall shall yield,

Loud mirth shall shake the dome.

For hark ! horn, &c.

S O N G. Sung at Sadler's Wells,

BRISK wine and women are

The source of all our joys ;

A brimmer softens every care,

And beauty never cloy ;

Then let us drink and love,

while yet our hearts are gay ;

Women and wine, by all approv'd,

Are blessings night and day.

S O N G

S O N G. *CUPID Triumphant.*

NOW's the time for mirth and glee,
 Sing, and love, and laugh with me;
 Cupid is my theme of story:
 'Tis his godship, fame and glory,
 How all yield unto his law!
 Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

O'er the grave, and o'er the gay,
 Cupid takes his share of play:
 He makes heroes quit their glory:
 He's the god most fam'd in story;
 Bending them unto his law!
 Ha! ha! &c.

Sly the urchin deals his darts,
 Without pity,—piercing h arts;
 Cupid triumphs over passions,
 Not regarding modes or fashions.
 Firmly fix'd is Cupid's law!
 Ha! ha! &c.

Some may think these lines not true,
 But they're facts—'twixt me and you;
 Then, ye maids and men, be wary,
 How you meet before you marry;
 Cupid's will is solely lay!
 Ha! ha! &c.

S O N G. *A Hunting Song.*

ROUZE, rouze, jolly sportsmen, the
 hounds are all out,
 The chace is begun, I declare;
 Come, up too and horse, let us follow the rout,
 And join in the chace of the hare.

Hark!

Hark! hark! don't you hear, they are now
in the vale;

The horn how melodious it sounds!
Poor puss in a fright, how she strives to prevail,
And fly from the cry of the hounds!

Tho' up to the hills and mountains she scales,
Whose tops seem to join in the sky;
We mount in the air, like a kite in a gale,
And follow the hounds in full cry.

Tho' into the copse, she for refuge there flies,
We kill her, 'tis twenty the odds;
While echo surrounds us with hooting and
cries,

We seem to converse with the gods.

Our freedom with conscience is never alarm'd,
We are strangers to envy and strife;
When blest with a wife, we return to her arms;
Sport sweetens the conjugal life.

Our days pass away in a scene of delight
Which kings and their courtiers ne'er taste;
In pleasures of love we revel all night,
Next morning return to the chase.

S O N G. By Miss *Thornton*, at *Vauxhall*.

MY Sandy is the sweetest swain
That ever pip'd on Tay,
He tends his sheep on verdant plain,
And cheers me all the day:
For, oh! he is so blythe a lad,
A blyther canna' be,
Whene'er he's nigh my heart is glad,
For dearly he loves me.

As on a mossy bank we sat,
 Beneath a fragrant shade,
 The youth he charm'd me with his chat,
 And on his bag-pipe play'd.
 For, oh, &c.

He calls me his dear life and care,
 And his own Moggy too;
 He vows by all that's good and fair,
 To me he will prove true.
 For, oh, &c.

So I will prize my lovely swain,
 And yield to be his wife;
 'Then bid adieu to care and pain,
 And so be ble s'd for life.
 For, oh! he is so blythe a lad,
 A blyther canna' be;
 Whene'er he's nigh my heart is glad,
 For dearly he loves me.

S O N G. Sung by Mr. Dod, in *Cymon*.

WHEN peace here was reigning,
 And love without waining,
 Or care or complaining,
 Base passions disdaining;
 This, this was my way,
 With my pipe and my tabor
 I laugh'd down the day,
 Nor envy'd the joys of my neighbour.

Now sad transformation
 Runs thro' the whole nation;
 Peace, love, recreation,
 All chang'd to vexation;

This,
 Hark!

This, this is my way,
 With my pipe and my tabor
 I laugh down the day,
 And pity the cares of my neighbour.
 While all are designing,
 Their friends undermining,
 Reviling, repining,
 To mischief inclining;
 This, this is my way,
 With my pipe and my tabor
 I laugh down the day,
 And pity the cares of my neighbour.

SONG. *My Heart went to the Fair.*

AS down the cowslip dale I stray'd,
 One morning with the dawn,
 Young Damon, for the Fair array'd,
 Came tripping o'er the lawn;
 His auburn locks, with manly grace,
 In flowing ringlets hung;
 The bloom of health glow'd on his face,
 And blythe the shepherd sung.

Thus onward drew, and as he pass'd,
 He smiling bade good day;
 Entranc'd I gaz'd, till, oh! at last
 I gaz'd my heart away.
 That moment all to love resign'd,
 Each sense seem'd to declare;
 Tho' hapless I was left behind,
 My heart went to the Fair.

In vain my anguish to remove,
 To once lov'd scenes I fly;
 The rose-deck'd bow'r, the pine-topp'd grove,
 Seems fading to my eye.
 Thou, gentle youth, by nature kind,
 A maiden's blushes spare;
 Perceive, though she was left behind,
 Her heart went to the Fair.

S O N G.

IN the bloom of her youth, shall it ever be
 said,
 That a lass so engaging e'er dy'd an old maid,
 Oh! no—I'm determin'd to get me a mate,
 For wedlock I'm told's an agreeable state;
 Of suitors, I'm sure, I've at least half a score,
 Who swear that they love me, and sigh and
 adore;
 Dull city, country squires, prating barristers,
 beaux;
 But I needs must confess, that I like none
 of those.
 I'm a bale of rich goods, so the citizen swore,
 And look ten *per cent*. better each day than
 before;
 The squire, with a kiss, bawls to cover;
 swears zounds,
 But he fancies me more than his kennel of
 hounds;
 The lawyer his suit he with modesty press'd,
 That for him I'd decree, and eject all the rest.
 While

S O N G S.

53

While the beau talk'd of nothing but fashion
and clothes.

Can you blame me, ye fair, if I like none
of those?

Some friends would persuade me to marry
a fool,

For women, they say, are desirous to rule;
But as that is a pow'r which I never will use,
I'll tell you what sort of a man I would chuse;
A youth with some sense and good-nature
combin'd,

Just too learn'd for a dunce, not too wise to
be kind;

Where I'm wrong, just with spirit to gently
oppose;

Why, I needs must confess, I should like to
rule those.

A RONDEAU. Sung by Miss *Thornton*.

TELL me when, inconsistent rover,
When my nightly pains shall cease;
When shall I, your follies over,
Welcome love, and joy, and peace.

Longest nights of dark December
Still return of morning bring;
Leafless boughs exclaim—remember,
We shall bloom again in spring.
Tell me when, &c.

Tho' the seaman's weeping dear
Views east winds wait him o'er the main;
Hope shall brighten in the tear,
The west may wait him back again.

Tell

Tell me when, inconstant rover,
 When my nightly pains shall cease;
 When shall I, your follies over,
 Welcome love, and joy, and peace.

S O N G. Sung in the *Press-Gang*.

SINCE again bold defiance appears in proud
 France,

Ye staunch British tars, let us boldly advance;
 And now, in our turns, let us teach them to
 dance.

O! the brave tars of Old England;
 And, O! the Old English brave tars.

Tho' furious at first, yet we know they'll soon
 fly O;

But brave English tars, they will conquer or
 die O;

From the shores of old Thames, to the banks
 of Ohio.

O the brave tars, &c.

As soon as just vengeance shall take up her
 whip,

From the head to the stern they will tremble
 and skip;

For they live on *soup-maigre*, while we drink
 good flip.

O the brave tars, &c.

Our commanders, tho' wise, will give valour
 due scope,

As the ship is impell'd, or restrain'd, by a rope;
 Execution's our helm, and our anchor is hope

O the brave tars, &c.

As

As soon as our glorious commander embarks,
In spite of the threats of ten thousand monarques;

We are gudgeons, they think, but they'll
find we are tharks.

O the brave tars, &c.

The genius of Britain behold on the deck,
And Old English faith without blemish or
speck;

For either, or both, I'd venture my neck.

O the brave tars, &c.

Behold naval glory presents her own crown
t'ye:

Come hither, brave boys, from each town
and each county,

And joyous partake of his majesty's bounty.

O the brave tars, &c.

No more shall the French, with their gasconades
brave ye,

But each top in armour shall cry out peccavi;

Sing huzza! to King George, and his brave
royal navy.

O! the brave tars of Old England;

And, O! the Old English brave tars.

King GEORGE and OLD ENGLAND for ever.

A new Song and Chorus. sung at Vauxhall,

by Mr. Vernon and others.

Mr. Vernon.

THE French fleet has sail'd, if loud rumour
speaks right,

Up hammocks, down cheits, and make ready
to fight, The

S O N G S.

The tars of Old England her claims will
maintain,

Her navies in triumph shall ride o'er the main.

Chorus.

Then drink the health of George our king,

Long, long, oh! may he reign;

In loyal chorus let us sing,

The scourge of France and Spain.

Our lives, our fortunes, from this hour,

Down at his feet we'll lay;

Soon may he crush each hostile foe,

Huzza! my boys, huzza!

Mrs. Weichsell.

Let their squadrons appear, at command
we'll advance,

Then tremble, ye run-away Monseurs of
France;

The lords of the sea look their foes in the
face,

A broadside's the word—then the signal
to chase.

Then drink the health, &c.

Mrs. Wroughton.

We care not what enemies cover the main,

Our guns answer best manifestoes of Spain;

Armada's once threaten'd, but short liv'd
their boast,

The Dons only vapour'd—they fled from
our coast.

Then drink the health, &c.

Miss Thornton.

We laugh at invasion, come France when
you will,

You'll repent of your rashness, and soon
have your fill;

Old England united can make a bold stand,
Thus arm'd on our shores—not a Frenchman
shall land.

Then drink the health, &c.

Mr. Vernon.

Then "Britons strike home," and repel
every foe,

Regard not their numbers, but follow your
blow;

Your cause is fair freedom, and all you
hold dear.

You ne'er can be conquer'd, who fight
without fear.

Then drink a health, &c.

S O N G. Written by G. A. Stevens,

Sung at *Vauxhall*.

Contented I am, and contented I'll be;
For what can this world more afford,
Than a girl that will sociably sit on my knee,
And a cellar that's plentifully stor'd?

See! my vault door is open, descend ev'ry
guest,

Tap the cask, for the wine we will try;
'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to your
taste,

And as bright as her cheeks to your eye.

In a piece of flit-hoop I my candle have stuck,

'Twill light us each bottle to hand;

The foot of my glass for the purpose I've
broke,

For I hate that a bumper should stand.

Sound

Sound the pipe—'tis in tune, and the binns
are well fill'd,

View that heap of Champagne in the rear;
Those bottles are Burgundy, see how they're
pil'd,

Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my
flasks,

All gloriously rang'd in review;
When I cast my eyes round, I consider my
casks

As kingdoms I've got to subdue.

'Tis my will, when I die, not a tear shall be
shed,

No *hic jacet* be grav'd on my stone;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And say that my drinking is done.

S O N G. *The Camp Medley.*

THE lark was up, the morning grey,

The drum had beat a revelly,
And jolly soldiers on the ground,
In peaceful camp slept safe and sound:

Only one poor soldier, who,
Nought but love could e'er subdue,
Wander'd to a neighb'ring grove,
There to vent his complaints of love.

For women are whimsical, changeable things,
Their sweets, like the bee's are mingled with
stings;

They're not to be got without toil, care and
cost,

They're hard to be won and are easily lost.

In seeking a fair-one, I found, to my smart,
I know nor the way, but I lost my own
heart.

Ah! hapless, hapless day,
That e'er I saw fair Biddy;
My heart she stole away,
My head she turn'd quite giddy.
The world may laugh and stare,
'Tis truly strange to see,
A lover so sincere,
A swain admir'd like me.

She's graceful, tall and slender,
She's brighter than the sun;
Her looks are soft and tender,
But oh! her heart's of stone:
Nor tears, nor sighs can move her;
My bleeding heart she sees,
She knows too well I love her,
In vain I strive to please.

Too vainly once I thought
To gain the lovely tharmer,
And ev'ry method sought,
In hopes to win and warm her;
But all my hopes are over!
What charms then can I try;
But, like a hapless lover,
I'll set me down and die.

As on the ground he lay,
Minerva came that way,
In armour bright and gay,
And thus to him did say:

Rise, soldier, rise;
 The drum has beat to arms,
 Hark to her loud alarms!
 Hang her beauty,
 Mind your duty,
 Think not of her charms.

Rise, soldier, rise,
 I'll take you by the hand
 And I'll lead you through the land;
 I'll give you the command
 Of a well chosen band.
 Don't be stupid,
 Drive away Cupid,
 Follow Minerva's wise advice.

Soldier, go home, go home;
 Nor mind your mistress's scorn;
 Slight, slight her again;
 For slighted vows should slight return.

The soldier thus rous'd from his amorous
 slough,

Hasted away to his duty;
 Swore to Minerva a terrible oath,
 He'd never more think of her beauty.
 Batchelor bluff, batchelor bluff,
 Heigh for a heart that is rugged and tough.

He that is single can never wear horns;
 He that is single is happy;
 He that is married lays upon thorns,
 And always is ragged and shabby.
 Batchelor bluff, &c.

He

He that is single, he fears not the rout,
 Nothing to him can be sweeter;
 He has no wife that can whimper and pout,
 Or cry, Can you leave me, dear creature.
 Batchelor bluff, batchelor bluff;
 Heigh for a heart that is rugged and tough.
 Ye belles and flirts, so smart and fair,
 Say, are not soldiers form'd for love?
 For you shall find them all sincere,
 Would you but kind and constant prove:
 But if you slight their passion still,
 And tyrannise o'er hearts so true,
 Depend upon't they'll all rebel,
 And will not care one fig for you.

Ah! hold your foolish tongue,
 A little laughing Cupid said,
 Have you not heard it sung,
 That constancy will win a maid?
 And what on earth should ever prove
 Superior to the joys of love!

Let wisdom preach in schools,
 For what has she with love to do;
 We go not by such rules:
 Unbounded pleasures we pursue;
 On rosy wine our fancies fly;
 We ev'ry worldly care defy.

Let Mars in council boast
 Of resolution, strength and art;
 Love comes without a host,
 And steals away the soldier's heart:
 Love breaks the bow, the sword and spear,
 And turns the angry face of war.

E'en mighty Jove above
 Hath been by Cupid's pow'r o'ercome;
 There's none can conquer love,
 Tho' arm'd with sword and spear, or gun.
 Then ground your arms, ye sons of war;
 None can resist the British fair.

S O N G.

THE stone that all things turns at will
 To gold, the chymist craves;
 But gold, without the chymist's skill,
 Turns all men into knaves.

The merchant wou'd the courtier cheat,
 When on his goods he lays
 Too high a price - but, faith he's bit,
 For a courtier never pays.

The lawyer with a face demure,
 Hangs him who steals your pelf;
 Because the good man can endure
 No robber but himself.

Betwixt the quack and highwayman,
 What difference can there be?
 Though this with pistol, that with pen,
 Both kill you for a fee.

The husband cheats his loving wife,
 And to a mistress goes;
 While she, at home, to ease her life,
 Carouses with the beaux.

The tenant doth the steward nick,
 (So to this art we find)
 The steward doth his lordship trick,
 My lord tricks all mankind.

One sect there is, to whose fair lot,
 No cheating arts do fall;
 And those are parsons call'd, God wot—
 And so I cheat you all.

S O N G.

DRINK about, my dear friend,
 For, I pray, to what end
 Stands useless the full-flowing bowl?
 Leave your sorrows behind,
 Give your cares to the wind,
 And drink to each jolly brave soul.
 For Alcides the fam'd,
 Whom monsters all tam'd,
 And bound the stout porter of hell;
 Though immortal his line,
 Had it not been for wine,
 Might, like them he conquer'd, have fell,
 Though Achilles the great,
 When he fought at such rate,
 He slew the great Hector of Troy;
 'Twas the grapes potent juice
 Made him wonders produce,
 And Priam's whole race to destroy.
 Neoptolemus, too,
 The same steps did pursue,
 And trac'd the fam'd heroes of yore;
 He'd in drinking relax,
 And then Pyrrhus's acts
 Were as great as his father's before.
 And Ulysses the sly
 Had been drinking (for why)

When the Trojan Palladium he stole;
 For his subtle thoughts sprung,
 If e'er Ajax but sung
 The charms of a sparkling full bowl.
 Since in drinking we find
 There's a charm for the mind,
 Let Bacchus then join in his train;
 Drink, my lads, drink about,
 Let us see the bowl out,
 And once more we'll fill it again.

S O N G.

Sung in *Perseus and Andromeda*.

HOW pleasant a sailor's life passes,
 Who roams o'er the watery main!
 No treasure he ever amasses,
 But chearfully spends all his gain.
 We're strangers to party and faction,
 To honour and honesty true,
 And would not commit a base action,
 For power or profit in view.
 Then why should we quarrel for riches,
 Or any such glittering toys?
 A light heart, and a thin pair of breeches,
 Goes thorough the world, brave boys.
 The world is a beautiful garden,
 Enrich'd with the blessings of life.
 The toiler with plenty rewarding,
 Which plenty too often breeds strife.
 When terrible tempests assail us,
 And mournful billows afright,
 No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
 But skillful industry steers right.
 Then why, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,

Who rules at the helm of the state,

Than we, that to politicks strangers,

Escape the snares laid for the great.

The various blessings of nature,

In various nations we try;

No mortals than us can be greater,

Who merrily live till we die.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,

Or any such glittering toys?

A light heart, and a thin pair of breeches,

Goes thorough the world, brave boys.

S O N G.

WINE, wine is alone the brisk fountain of
mirth,

Whence jollity springs, and contentment has
birth;

What mortals so happy as we who combine,

And fix our delight in the juice of the vine?

No care interrupts when the bottle's in view,

Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pur-
sue.

Our laws are our own, not inforc'd by the
crown,

And we stand to them fair, till we fairly
fall down;

At acts or repeals we disdain to repine,

Nor grudge any tax, but the tax on our wine:

To Cæsar and Bacchus our tribute is due,

Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pur-
sue.

His

His worship so grave here may revel and
 roar,
 The lawyer speak truth, who ne'er spoke so
 before ;
 The parson here, stript of his priesthood's
 disguise,
 And Chloe's scorn'd lover get drunk and
 grow wise ;
 The husband may learn hear to combat the
 shrew ;
 So glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.
 The chace of the bottle few accidents wait,
 We seldom break necks, tho' we oft crack
 a pate,
 If wars rise among us, they soon again cease,
 One bumper brings truce, and another
 brings peace :
 'Tis this way alone we life's evils subdue ;
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

S O N G.

SOME hoist up fortune to the skies,
 Others debase her to a bubble ;
 I not her frowns or favours prize,
 Nor think the changling worth my trouble.
 If at my door she chance to light,
 I civilly my guest receive ;
 The visit paid, I bid good night ;
 Nor murmur when she takes her leave.
 Tho' prosperous gales my canvas croud,
 Tho' smooth the waves, serene the sky,
 I trust not calms, they storms forbode,
 And speak th' approaching tempest nigh.
 Then,

Then, virtue, to the helm repair,
'Thou, innocence, shalt guide the oar;
Now rage ye winds, storms rend the air,
My barque thus mann'd shall gain the
shore,

S O N G.

MY passion is as mustard strong,
I sit all sober sad,
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March-hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow,
I drink, yet can't forget her:
For tho' as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind,
Cool as cucumber could see
The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge I was known,
And soft as silk my skin,
My cheeks as fat as butter grown,
But as a groat now thin.

I melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard

Hard is her heart, as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled-ale.

The god of love, at her approach,
Is busy as a bee;
Hearts found as any bell or roach,
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as hops or hail
The fine men croud about her;
But soon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears,
Oh! were we join'd together,
My heart would soon be free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as a razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
Methinks I feel them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites;
Sharp as a needle are her words,
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny drest,
Sweet as a rose her face and lips,
Round as a globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king;
Good lack! how all men envy'd me!
She lov'd like any thing.

But false as hell, she like the wind
Chang'd as her sex most do,
Tho' seeming as the turtle kind,
And as the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who will take Peru;
Great as an emp'ror I should be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post;
Let us like burrs together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a die,
And I wish me better sped,
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,
And sigh, perhaps, and wish;
When I'm as rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

A PASTORAL SONG.

Written by Mr BEST.

MY chearful companions attend,
 Ye shepherds and nymphs of the plain,
 In silence my sorrows befriend,
 Those sorrows which surely are vain;
 Yet gratitude claims the soft sigh,
 And pity subdues my fond heart;
 Compassion now flows from my eye,
 Unfeign'd, or untainted by art.

My Colin, alas! is no more
 The pride and delight of each eye,
 No more shall he cherish the poor,
 No more the afflicted supply;
 How anxious to soothe the distress,
 How eager their griefs to assuage;
 Nor ever was Colin more blest,
 Than, in fondness, when waiting on age.

The rich and the great he despis'd,
 Nor valu'd the world for its wealth;
 'Twas wisdom and honour he priz'd,
 The source of contentment and health;
 While blooming with virtue and truth,
 Simplicity lip'd on his tongue,
 Vivacity on his lips with his youth,
 And the furies would cease when he sung.

No more shall I hear his fond tale,
 Beneath yonder oak in the grove;
 No more shall I bless the soft gale,
 That fann'd the recess of my love:

See, Philomel weeps on the spray,
No more to revisit the grove;
The songsters no longer are gay,
But mourn the sad loss of my love.

Adieu, ye dear shades of my bliss,
Where Colin was constant and true;
Where oft I've receiv'd his fond kiss;
Farewel, and for ever adieu.
Ye nymphs, my companions so dear,
Whose feelings my sorrows oppress,
Adieu! but forgive the fond tear
That flows from the fount of distress.

Alas! the delights of the gay,
The joys of the rich and the great,
All fade as the flowers in May,
That bloom and consume with the heat.
What's life, but the offspring of care;
A shadow, that rapidly flies,
A dream of distress and despair,
That blossoms with hope, as it dies?

I'll hie me, where Colin is laid,
And there, undisturb'd will I weep;
Till nature's great debt I have paid,
My eyes shall be strangers to sleep.
She instantly quitted the grove,
And all the long night wept and sigh'd
O'er the sod that request'd her love,
'Till the morn, when she sicken'd and died.

S O N G.

MY Nancy quits the rural plain,
 And kindly seeks her faithful swain;
 Who, 'midst the din of war's alarms,
 His much-lov'd country calls to arms.

Of old, when heroes sally'd forth,
 To rescue innocence and worth,
 The fair-one's image in the heart,
 Could vigour to their nerves impart:

Then what superior laurels, now,
 Must grace the happy soldier's brow;
 Blest with her presence in the field,
 To whom alone his heart can yield!





S O N G

L E T a set of sober asses
 Rail against the joys of drinking,
 While water, tea,
 And milk agree,
 To set cold brains a thinking;
 Power and wealth,
 Beauty, health,
 Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd;
 Joys abound,
 Pleasure's found
 Only where the glass goes round.

The ancient sects on happiness
 All differ'd in opinion;
 But wiser rules
 Of modern schools,
 In wine fix their dominion.
 Power and wealth, &c.

Wine gives the lover vigour,
 Makes glow the cheeks of beauty
 Makes poets write,
 And soldiers fight,
 And friendship to it's duty.
 Power and wealth, &c.

Wine was the only Helicon,
 Whence poets are long-liv'd so;
 'Twas no other main
 Than brisk champaign,
 Whence Venus was deriv'd too;
 Power and wealth, &c.

When heav'n in Pandora's box
 All kinds of ill had sent us,
 In a merry mood,
 A bottle of good,
 Was cork'd up, to content us.

All virtuous wine is nurse to,
 Of ev'ry vice destroyer,
 Gives dullard's wit,
 Makes just the cit,
 Truth forces from the lawyer.
 Power and wealth, &c.

Wine sets our joys a flowing,
 Our care and sorrow drowning.
 Who rails at the bowl,
 Is a Turk in's soul,
 And a Christian ne'er should hold him:
 Power and wealth,
 Beauty, health,

Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd:
 Joys abound,
 Pleasure's found.

Only where the glass goes round.

S O N G.

Come, all ye jolly Bacchanals,
 That love to top good wine,
 Let us offer up a hoghead
 Unto our master's shrine.
 And a toping we will go, &c.

Then let us drink, and never shrink,
 For I'll give a reason why;
 'Tis a great sin to leave a hou
 Till we've drank the cellar
 And a toping, &c.

In times of old I was a fool,
 I drink the water clear;
 But Bacchus took me from that rule,
 He thought 'twas too severe,
 And a toping, &c.

He fill'd a goblet to the brim,
 And bade me take a sup;
 But had it been a gallon pot,
 By Jove I'd toss it up.
 And a toping, &c.

And ever since that happy time,
 Good wine has been my chear;
 Now nothing puts me in a swoon,
 But water or small-beer,
 And a toping, &c.

Then let us tope about, my boys,
 And never flinch, nor fly;
 But fill our skins brimful of wine
 And drain the bottles dry.
 And a toping we will go, &c.

S O N G.

YES, Strephon yes, these charms must fade,
 As does the pride of May;
 Each fate extends the fairest maid,
 Poor sovereign of a day:
 Warn'd by the rose's hasty fall,
 I know my longest reign;
 Yet, for that pow'r I can't recal,
 I'll scorn to feel a pain.

Then know, false man, thy subtle arts
 Shall ne'er my soul betray,
 Or fear of what old age may bring,
 Enslave my heart a day;

True, were my beauty all my boast,
 Since that will pass too soon,
 'Twere not amiss in you to ask,
 Or me to grant the boon.

But sped wisdom's friendly aid,
 I ask no happier state;
 Should Chloe live and die a maid,
 Is that a curse so great?
 No, Strephon, no; I've yet one charm,
 When all the rest are spent,
 Shall of its cares even age disarm
 'Tis—virtue, with content.

S O N G.

YOUNG Dorilas, an artless swain,
 And Daphne, pride of western plain,
 Their flocks together drove:
 Gay youth sat blooming on his face,
 She no less shone with every grace;
 Yet neither thought of love.

With equal joy each morn they meet;
 At mid-day, seek the same retreat,
 And shelter in one grove;
 At evening haunt the self same walk,
 Together innocently talk,
 But not a word of love.

Hence mutual friendship firmly grew,
 Till heart to heart spontaneous flew,
 Like bill to bill of dove;
 Both feel the flame which both conceal,
 Both wish the other would reveal,
 Yet neither speak of love.

She hung with rapture o'er his sense;
He doated on her innocence:

Thus each did each approve,
They vow'd, and all their vows observ'd;
The maid was true, the swain ne'er swerv'd,
Then ev'ry word was love.

S O N G.

Sung in the Masque of *Alfred*.

W^HEN Britain first, at Heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main;

This was the charter of the land,

And guardian angels sung this strain:

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,

Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall;

Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,

The dread and envy of them all,

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,

More dreadful from each foreign stroke;

As the loud blast that tears the skies,

Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;

All their attempts to bend thee down,

Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame;

But work their woe, and thy renown.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 All thine shall be the subject maid,
 And ev'ry shore it circles thine.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muses still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;
 Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves;
 Britons never will be slaves.

S O N G.

TELL me no more of pointed darts,
 Of flaming eyes and bleeding hearts,
 The hyperboles of love:
 Be honest to yourself and me,
 Speak truly what you hear and see,
 And then your suit may move.
 Why call me angel? why divine?
 Why must my eyes the stars out shine?
 Can such deceit prevail?
 For shame, forbear this common rule;
 'Tis low, 'tis insult, calls me fool;
 With me 'twill always fail.
 Would you obtain an honest heart,
 Address my nobler, better part;
 Pay homage to my mind;
 The passing hour brings on the day,
 And beauty quickly fades away,
 Nor leaves a rose behind.
 Let them your open, manly sense,
 The mortal ornaments dispence,

And to my worth be true;
 So may your suit if I in dear,
 Not for the charms you say I wear,
 But those I find in you.

SONG.

ON tree-topt hill, or tufted green,
 While yet Aurora's vest is seen;
 Before the sun has left the sea,
 Let the fresh morning breathe on me.

To furze-blown heath, or pasture mead,
 Do thou my happy footsteps lead;
 Then shew to me the pleasing stream,
 Of which, at night, so oft I dream.

At night the mazy wood I'll tread,
 With autumn-leaves and dry moss spread,
 And cooling fruits for thee prepare,
 For sure, I think, thou wilt be there.

Till birds begin their evening song,
 With thee the time seems never long;
 O let us speak our love that's past,
 And count how long it has to last.

I'll say eternally, and thou
 Shalt only look as kind as now;
 I ask no more, for that affords
 What is not in the force of words.

SONG.

SEE the purple morn arise,
 Streak with red the blushing skies,
 Zephyr from his balmy wing,
 Shakes the fragrance of the spring.

Winter

Winter's vigour now is past,
 Joy and raptures smile at last;
 Swelling billows cease to roar,
 And die along the silent shore.

S O N G.

MY shepherd is gone far away o'er the plain,
 While in sorrow behind I am forc'd to
 remain;

Tho' blue-bells and vil'ets the hedges adorn,
 Tho' trees are in blossom, and sweet blows
 the thorn;

No pleasure they give me, in vain they look
 gay;

There's nothing can please now, my Jockey's
 away;

Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
 Haste, haste, to my arms my dear Jockey again.

When lads and their lasses are on the green
 met.

They dance and they sing, they laugh and
 they chat,

Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee;
 I can't without envy their merriment see:

Those pleasures offend me, my shepherd's not
 there,

No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share;
 It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce re-
 frain,

And wish my dear Jockey return'd back
 again.

But here shall I stain me, nor will I dispair,
 He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here.

S O N G S. 81

On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,
For love, my dear Jockey, to Jenny will haste.
Then farewell each care, adieu each vain
sigh;

Who'll then be so blest, or so happy as I?
Ill sing on the meadows, and altar my strain,
When Jockey returns to my arms back
again.

S O N G.

Sung in the Oratorio of *Abel*.

HOW chearful, along the gay mead,
The daisy and cowslip appear?
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year.

The myrtles that shade the gay bow'rs
The herbage that springs from the sod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flow'rs,
All rise to the praise of my God.

Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove!
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,
Forbid it devotion and love.

The Lord, who such wonders could raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise;
My soul shall be wrapt in my God.

S O N G.

SONG.

STREPPON AND CHLOE; A CANTATA.
RECITATIVE.

WHILST Streppon on fair Chloe hung,
And gently woo'd, and sweetly sung;
The nymph in a disdainful air,
Thus, smiling, mock'd the shepherd's care.

AIR.

Swain, I know that you discover
In my form a thousand charms;
Can you point me out a lover
Worthy my encircling arms?
Boy, no more approach my beauty,
Till you equal merit boast;
To adore me is a duty,
Thousands witness to their cost.

RECITATIVE.

Stung to the heart, the redd'ning swain,
On the vain maid returns again:

AIR.

Foolish creature, did each feature
Bloom beyond the pride of nature,
Artful feigning, coy, disdaining,
Vain coquette, deceys them all.
Go, o'erbearing, proud, entraining,
Lay a thousand sophs despairing,
Then complying, sighing, dying,
To some fool a victim fall.
Nymphs like you, whilst they're deceiving,
Angels all in front appear;
But the sot their hearts believing,
Finds a devil in the rear.

S O N G.

A Ttend all ye nymphs and ye swains of
the green,

For you I have rov'd the plains round;
Whole months I've been prying, and now I
have seen

Where smiling Content's to be found.
Come quickly with me, and I'll shew you
the way

To the spot where he chose his retreat;
You must fly from these plains, to be easy
and gay.

And near him must take up your seat.

I sought him 'mongst crowds, and in each
gaudy place,

But those were the mansions of care,
In the palace of greatness unknown was his
face,

Contentment had never been there;
I hied me to roofs that invited to joys,

Hope tempted me thither to rove;
But rude was their wit, and their pleasure
was noise,

Tho' they beckon'd to peace and to love.

And at last, near a brook; to a cottage I
stray'd;

With a few simple sheep on the green;
The rose and the woodbine their sweetness
display'd,

Not plenty, but health, blest the scene:

Good,

S O N G S.

Good-nature appear'd, and unlatch'd me the door,

Nor knew what my coming there meant;
How great my surprize! here my search was
all o'er,

He told me his name was Content.

S O N G.

Sung at RANELAGH.

THE women all tell me I'm false to my
lafs;

That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to
my glafs;

But to you men of reason, my reasons I'll
own;

And, if you don't like them, why—let them
alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare:
I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was
fair;

But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
That make it as good and as charming as
she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must
own:

But tho' she could smile, yet in truth she
could frown:

But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime;
Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by times;

But

But in wine, from it's age, such a benefit
flows,

That we like it the better, the older it grows

They tell me, my love would in time have
been cloy'd;

And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis en-
joy'd;

But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy;
For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove
The mischief that wait upon Rivals in love:

But in drinking, thank heav'n, no rival con-
tends;

For the more we love liquor, the more we are
friends.

She, too, might have poison'd the joy of my
life,

With nurses and babies, and squalling and
strife;

But my wine neither nurses nor babies can
bring;

And a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good
thing.

We shorten our days when with love we en-
gage;

It brings on diseases, and hastens old age:

But wine from grim death can it's votaries
save,

And keep out t'other leg, when there's one in
the grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,
She had left me to get an estate, or a lord:

But my bumper, regarding nor title or pelf,
Will stand by me when I can't stand by my-
self.

Then let my dear Child no longer complain;
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain;
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I
spy;

Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper
and try.

S O N G,

AWAY, to the woodlands, away!

The shepherds are forming a ring,
To dance to the honour of May;
And welcome the pleasures of spring.

The shepherds' labours agrace;
And shines in her Sunday's array,
And bears, in the bloom of her face,
The charms and the beauties of May.

A way, to the woodlands, away,
And join with the amorous train;
Tis reason to labour to day,
Now Cupid and Bacchus must reign.
With garlands of primroses made;
And crown'd with the sweet blooming

spry,

Through woodland, and meadow, and shade,
We'll dance to the honour of May.

S O N G.

THE HUMOURS OF A COUNTRY-WAKE

COME lasses and lads, take leave of your
dads,

And away to the maypole hie;
For every she has got her a be,
And a fiddler standing by.

There's Nanny has got e Jack, and Jenny
has got her Joe,

To jig it, to jig it, to jig it, to jig it, to jig
it, to and fro.

Strike up, say Wat; agreed says Kate;
I pray the fidler pay;

Content, says Hodge; and so says Madge;
For this is holiday

Then every man began to foot it round a-
bout,

And every maid did jetty it, jetty it, jetty it,
in and out,

You're out says Dick; you lye, says Nick,
The fidler plays it false;

So, says Hugh; and so, says Sue;
And so, says nimble Al'ce.

The fidler then began to play the tune again,
And every maid did trip it, did trip it, did
trip it unto the men.

Let's kifs, say Nan; content, says Jane;
And so says every she;

How many, says Nat? why three, says Matt
For this is a maiden's fee.

But they, instead of three, did give them ha
a score;

The men in kindness did give them, did give
them, did give them as many more

Then after an hour, they tript to a bower,
To play for ale and cakes,

And kisses too, until they were due.

The maidens held the stakes.

The women then began to quarrel with the
men,

And bid them to take their kisses back, and
give them their own again.

Thus they sat until it was late,

And tir'd the fidler quite,

With singing and playing, without any pay-
ing,

From morning until night.

They told the fidler then, they'd pay him
for his play,

And each gave two-pence, gave two-pence,
gave two-pence and went their way.

Good night, says Cis; good night, says Priss
Good night, says Harry to Doll;

Good night, says John; good night, says Joan;
Good night, says ever one.

Some ran; some went, some stay'd, some
tarry'd by the way;

Each bound themselves, in kisses twelve, to
meet the next holiday.

S O N G.

THE DANGERS OF THE SEA.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
Lift ye landmen all to me;

Mess-mates, hear a brother sailor

Sing the dangers of the sea:

From bounding billows, first in motion,

When the distant whirlwinds rise,

To the tempest troubled ocean,

When the seas contend with skies.

Hark!

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
 By top-sail sheets, and halyards stand;
 Down top-gallant's quick be hawling,
 Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand!
 Now it freshens, set the braces,
 The lee top-sail sheets let go;
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
 Up your top-sails nimble clew.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
 Fondley lock'd 'twixt beauty's aims;
 Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
 Safe from all but love's alarms:
 Round us roars the tempest louder,
 Think what fears our minds enthrall;
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
 Now again the boatswain calls.

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,
 See all clear to the reef each course;
 Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
 Tho' the weather should be worse:
 Fore and aft the spirit-sail yard get.
 Reef the mizen, lee all clear,
 Hands up, each preven'er brace set,
 Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer,
 Now the dreadful thunders roaring,
 Peals on peals contending clash;
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash;
 One wide water all around us,
 All above but one black skie;
 Different deaths at once surround us.
 Hark! what means yon dreadful cry?

The

The fore-mast's gone! cries every tongue
out,

O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck:

Quick the laniards cut to pieces,
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the well, the leak increases,
Four feet water's in the hold!

While o'er the ship the wild waves beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! to them there's no return;
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are choak'd below;
Heav'n have mercy here upon us,
Only He can save us now.

On the lee-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown,
To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys;
See, her mizen-mast is gone:
The leak we've found, it can't pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up and rig a jury fore mast:
She rights, she rights, boys, wear off shore,
Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind fortune say'd our lives;
Come the cann, boys, let's be drinking
To our sweathearts and our wives;
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
Close to lips the brimmer join;
Where's the tempest now? who feels it?
None; our danger's drown'd in wine.

SONG.

HAIL! Burgundy, thou juice divine.

In'pirer of my song!

The pr. ises given to other wine,

To thee alone belong;

Of poignant wit and rosy charms,

Thou canst the power improve;

Care of it's sting thy balm disarms,

Thou noblest gift of Jove.

Bright Phœbus on the parent vines,

From whence thy current streams,

Sweet smiling thro' the tendril shines,

And lavish darts his beams;

The pregnant grape receives his fires,

And all his force retains;

With that same warmth our brains inspires

And animates our strains.

From thee my Chloe's radiant eye

New sparkling beams receives;

Her cheeks imbibe a rosy die,

Her beauteous bosom heaves:

Summon'd to love by thy alarms,

O! With what nervous heat,

Worthy the fair, we fill their arms,

And oft our blis repeat!

The Stoic, prone to thought intense,

Thy softness can unbind,

A chearful gaiety dispense,

And make him taste a friend;

His brow grows clear, he feels content,

Forget, his pensive strife;

And then concludes his time well spent,

In honest social life.

Ev'n beaux, those soft amphibious things,
 Wrapt up in self and dress,
 Quite lost to the delight that springs
 From sense, thy pow'r confesse;
 The top, with chitty maudlin face,
 That dares but deeply drink,
 Forgets his queue and stiff grimace,
 Grows free, and seems to think.

S O N G.

Shepherds, I have lost my love,
 Have you seen my Anna?
 Pride of ev'ry shady grove
 Upon the banks of Banna.
 I for her my home forsook,
 Near yon misty mountain;
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
 Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,
 Until her returning;
 All the joys of life re'o'er,
 From gladness chang'd to mourning.
 Whither is my charmer flown?
 Shepherds, tell me whither?
 Ah! woe for me, perhaps she's gone
 For ever, and for ever.

S O N G.

Sung in the School for Scandal.

Here's to the maid of bashful fifteen,
 Likewise to the widow of fifty;
 Here's to the bold and extravagant queen,
 And here's to the housewife that's a thifty.
 Let

Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass,
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.
 Here's to the maiden whose dimples we
 prize,
 And likewise to her that's none. Sir,
 Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,
 And here is to her that's but one, Sir.
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
 And to her that's as brown as a berry;
 And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
 And here's to the girl that is merry.
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
 Young, or ancient, I care not a feather;
 So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,
 And e'en let us toast them together.

Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass,
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

SONG.

THE SWEET OF SWEETS.

Sweet are the banks when spring perfumes
 The verdant plants and laughing flowers,
 Fragrant the violet as it blooms,
 And sweet the blossom after showers:
 Sweet is the soft, the sunny breeze,
 That fans the golden orange grove;
 But oh! how sweeter far than these
 The kisses are of her I love. Ye

Ye roses, blushing in your beds,
That with your odours scent the air,
Ye lilies chaste, with silver heads,
As dear Cleora's bosom fair;
No more I court your balmy sweets,
For I, and I alone, can prove
How sweeter, when each other meets,
The kisses are of her I love.

Her tempting eyes my gaze inclin'd,
Their pleasing lesson first I caught,
Her sense, her friendship, next confin'd
The willing pupil she had taught.
Should fortune, stooping from the sky,
Conduct me to her bright alcove:
Yet like the turtle I should die,
Denied the kiss of her I love.

SONG.

Written by Mr. HAWKINS.

LET poets praise the pasture mead,
The moss-clad hill, the dale;
The shepherd piping on the reed,
The maid with milking-pail;
The lark who soars on pinions high,
With mellifluous note;
The sheep, the herd, the butterfly,
The frisky fawn, the goat.
The bubbling brook, the grot, the grove,
The blooming flow'rs so gay;
The wood, the brake, the sweet alcove,
Or smiling dawn of day.

While

S O N G S.

While I a loftier theme rehearse,
 And think on these no more;
 But praise in fond and faithful verse,
 The object I adore.

Her skin is like the lily white,

Her cheeks red roses are;
 Her eyes outshine the sun-beams light,

Her shape most debonair.

Her manners mild as turtle-dove,
 In ringlets flow her hair;

She looks—she is the queen of love,
 And fairest of the fair.

Her breath like spicy odours sweet
 That scent the eastern clime,

Her mind, her ways, are all complete,
 And source of all sublime.

To dwell with her through life's short space,
 And view her heavenly charms;

And all the joys I wish to trace,
 Then die within her arms.

S O N G.

NEAR the side of a pond, at the foot of a
 hill,

A free hearted fellow attends on his mill;
 Fresh health blooms her strong rosy hue o'er

his face,
 And honesty gives e'en to awkwardness grace.

Beflour'd with his meal does he labour and
 sing,

And regaling at night is as blest as a king.
 After heartily eating, he takes a full swill

Of liquor home brew'd, to success of the
 mill.

He makes no nice scruples of toll for his
trade,

For that's an excise to his industry paid :

His conscience is free, and his income clear,

And he values not those of ten thousand a
year;

He's a freehold sufficient to give him a vote;

At elections he scorns to accept of a groat;

He hates your proud placemen; and, do
what they will,

They ne'er can seduce the staunch man of
the mill.

On Sunday he talks with the barber and
priest,

And hope that our statesmen do all for the
best,

That the Spaniard's shall ne'er interrupt our
free trade,

Nor good British coin be in subsidies paid :

He fears the French navy and commerce in-
crease;

And he wishes poor Germany still may have
peace:

Tho' Old England, he knows, may have
strength, and have skill,

To protect all her manors, and save his own
mill.

With this honest hope he goes home to his
work;

And if water is scanty he takes up his fork,

And over the meadows he scatters his hay,

Or with the stiff plough turns up furrows of

clay:

His

S O N G S.

His harvest is crown'd with good English
glee;

That his country may ever be happy and
free:

With his hand and his heart to king George
does he fill,

May all loyal souls act the man of the mill,

S O N G.

S R I N G.

Written by SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN dazies py'd, and violets blue,

And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,

And lady's smocks all silver white,

Do paint the meadows with delight;

The cuckow then, on every tree,

Mocks married men, for thus sings he;

Cuckow, cuckow; O! word of fear,

Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,

And merry larks are plowmen's clocks,

When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,

And maidens bleach their summer smocks,

The cuckow then, on every tree,

Mocks married men, for thus sings he;

Cuckow, cuckow; O! word of fear,

Unpleasing to a married ear.

S O N G.

Written by Sir RICHARD STEELE.

FROM place to place, forlorn, I go,

With downcast eyes, a silent shade;

Forbidden to declare my woe;

To speak, till spoken to, afraid,

My

My inward pangs, my secret grief,
 My soft consenting looks betray;
 He loves, but gives me no relief;
 Why speaks not he---who may?

S O N G.

THERE is one dark and sullen hour,
 Which fate decrees our lives should know,
 Else we should slight th' Almighty power,
 Wrapt in the joys we find below,
 'Tis past, dear Cynthia, now let frowns be gone,
 A long, long penance I have done
 For crimes, alas! to me unknown.

In each soft hour of silent night
 Your image in my dream appears;
 I grasp the soul of my delight,
 Slumber in joys, but wake in tears:
 Ah! faithless, charming saint, what will you do?
 Let me not think I am, by you.
 Lov'd less for being true.

S O N G.

THO' cruel you seem to my pain,
 And hate me because I am true;
 Yet, Phyllis, you love a false swain,
 Who has other nymphs in his view.

Enjoyment's a trifle to him,
 To me what a heaven 'twould be!
 To him but a woman you seem,
 But, ah! you're an angel to me,
 Those lips which he touches in haste,
 To them I for ever could grow;
 Still clinging around that dear waist,
 Which he spans as beside him you go.

That arm, like a lily so wite,
Which over his shoulders you lay,
My bosom could warm it all night;
My lips they could press it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
Were graces my subjects to be,
I'd leave them, and fly to the plain,
To dwell in a cottage with thee.

But if I must feel your disdain,
If tears cannot cruelty drown;
Oh! let me not live in this pain,
But give me my death in a frown.

S O N G.

YOUNG I am and yet unskill'd
How to make a lover yield;
How to keep, and how to gain,
When to love, and when to feign.

Take me, take me, some of you,
While I yet am young and true;
Ere I can my soul disguise,
Heave my breasts, and roll my eyes.

Stay not till I learn the way
How to lie, and to betray;
He that has me first, is blest,
For I may deceive the rest.

Could I find a blooming youth
Full of love, and full of truth,
Brisk, and of a janty mien,
I should long to be fifteen.

S O N G.

S O N G S.

S O N G.

DAMON, if you will believe me,
'Tis not fighting on the plain,
Song or sonnet can relieve ye;
Faint attempts in love are vain.

Urge but home the fair occasion,
And be master of the field;
To a powerful, kind invasion,
'Twere a madness not to yield.

Love gives out a large commission,
Still indulgent to the brave;
But one sin of base omission,
Never woman yet forgave.

Tho' she vows she'll ne'er permit ye,
Cries, you're rude and much to blame,
And with tears implores your pity;
Be not merciful, for shame.

When the fierce assault is over,
Chloris time enough will find,
This her cruel furious lover
Much more gentle, not so kind.

S O N G.

EDWIN AND ETHELINDE,

ONE parting kiss, my Ethelinde!
Young Edwin fault'ring cried,
I hear thy father's hasty tread,
Nor longer must I bide.

To morrow eve, in yonder wood,
Beneath the well-known tree,
Say, wilt thou meet thy own true love,
Whose only joy's in thee?

She clasp'd the dear-beloved youth,
 And sigh'd, and dropt a tear;
 Whate'er bet'wixt my only love,
 I'll surely meet thee there.

They kiss, they part; a list'ning page
 To malice ever bent,
 O'erheard he'r talk, and to his lord
 Reveal'd their fond intent.

The baron's brow grew dark with frowns,
 And rage distain'd his cheek,
 Heavens! shall a vassal shepherd dare
 My daughter's love to seek!

But know, rash boy, thy bold attempt
 Full sorely shalt thou rue;
 Nor e'er again, ignoble maid,
 Shalt thou thy lover view.

The dews of evening fast did fall,
 And darkness spread apace,
 When Ethelinde, with beating breast,
 Flew to th' appointed place.

With eager eye she looks around,
 No Edwin there was seen:
 He was not wont to break his faith,
 What can his absence mean!

Her heart beat thick at ey'ry noise,
 Each rustling thro' the wood;
 And now she travers'd quick the ground,
 And now she list'ning stood.

Enliv'ning hope, and chilling fear,
 By turns her bosom share;
 And now she calls upon his name,
 Now weeps in sad despair.

Mean -

Meantime the day's last glimm'rings fled;
 And, blackening all the sky,
 A hideous tempest dreadful rose,
 And thunders roll'd on high.

Poor Ethelinde aghast, dismay'd,
 Beholds with wild affright
 That threat'ning sky, the lonely wood,
 And horrors of the night.

Where art thou now, my Edwin dear?

Thy friendly aid I want:

Ah me! my boding heart foretels

That aid thou canst not grant.

Thus rack'd with pangs, and beat with storms,
 Confus'd and lost she roves;

Now looks to heaven with earnest pray'r,

Now calls on him she loves.

At length a distant taper's rays

Struck beaming on her sight;

Tho' brakes she guides her fainting steps

Towards the welcome light.

An aged hermit peaceful dwelt

In this sequester'd wild,

Calm goodness far upon his brow,

His words were soft and mild.

He ope'd his hospitable door,

And much admiring view'd

The tender virgin's graceful form,

Dash'd by the tempest rude.

Welcome, fair maid, whoe'er thou art,

To this warm shelter'd cell;

Here rest secure thy wearied feet,

Here peace and safety dwell.

He saw the heart-wrung starting tear,
 And gently sought to know,
 With kindest pity's soothing looks,
 The story of her woe.

Scarcely had she told her mournful tale,
 When struck with dread they hear
 Voices confus'd with dying groans,
 The cell approaching near.

Help, father! help, they loudly cry,
 A wretch here bleeds to death;
 Come cordial balsam quickly give,
 To stay his parting breath.

All deadly pale they lay him down,
 And gash'd with many a wound;
 When woeful sight! 'twas Edwin's self
 Lay bleeding on the ground.

With frantic grief poor Ethelinde
 Beside his body falls;
 Lift up thine eyes, my Edwin dear,
 'Tis Ethelinde that calls.

That much-lov'd sound recalls his life,
 He lifts his closing eyes,
 Then feebly murmuring out her name.
 He gasps, he faints, he dies!

Stupid awhile, in dumb despair
 She gaz'd on Edwin dead;
 Dim grew her eyes, her lips turn'd pale,
 And life's warm spirit fled.

S O N G S.

S O N G.

Written by Mr. EATON.

TELL me not I my time mispend,
'Tis time lost to reprove me;
Pursue thou thine, I have my end,
So Chloris only prize me.

Tell me not other's flock are full,
Mine poor, let them despise thee
Who more abound in milk and wool,
So Chloris only prize me.

Tire others' easier ears with these
Unappertaining stories;
He never feels the world's disease,
Who cares not for her glories.

For pity, thou that wiser art,
Whose thoughts lie wide of mine,
Let me alone with my own heart,
And I'll ne'er envy thine.

Nor blame him, whoe'er blames my wit,
That seeks no higher prize,
Than in unenvy'd shades to sit,
And sing of Chloris' eyes.

S O N G.

CHLOE brisk and gay appears,
On purpose to invite;
Yet, when I press her, she, in tears,
Denies her sole delight.

Whilst Celia, seeming shy and coy,
And to all her favours grants;
And secretly receives that joy,
Which others think she wants.

I would,

S O N G S.

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I would, but fear I never shall,
 With either fair agree;
 For Celia will be kind to all,
 But Chloe won't to me.

S O N G.

OH! turn away those cruel eyes,
 The stars of my undoing;
 Or death, in such a bright disguise,
 May tempt a second wooing.

Punish their blindly impious pride
 Who dare contemn thy glory;
 It was my fall that deify'd
 Thy name, and seal'd thy story.

Yet no new sufferings can prepare
 A higher praise to crown thee;
 Tho' my first death proclaim thee fair,
 My second will dethrone thee.

Lovers will doubt thou canst entice
 No other for thy fuel;
 And if thou burn one victim twice,
 Think thee both poor and cruel.

S O N G.

WINE, wine in the morning
 Makes us frolick and gay,
 That, like eagles, we soar
 In the pride of the day;
 Gouty fets of the night,
 Only find a decay.

'Tis

S O N G S.

the sun ripens the grape,
 And to drinking gives light;
 We imitate him,
 When by noon we're at height;
 They steal wine, who take it
 When he's out of sight.
 Boy, fill all the Glasses,
 Fill them up now he shines;
 The higher he rises,
 The more he refines;
 For wine and wit fall
 As their maker declines.

S O N G.

Written by the MAYOR.

THE pleasures of a lady's smiles,
 How false, and yet how fair!
 In ev'ry charm there lies a dart,
 In ev'ry glance a snare.
 How they recal the youthful mind
 From ev'ry glorious aim,
 Fill the soft breast with racks and fears,
 And blot the buds of fame!
 Bound in the fetters of the fair,
 In vain we strive to move;
 In vain we form the great resolve,
 When all the soul is love.
 Yet, O bright angel, smile on me,
 Your beauties I adore;
 No other bliss I ask below;
 Nor can the skies give more.

S O N G

SONGS.

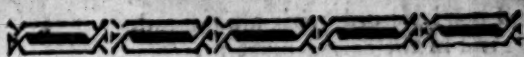
SONG.

VARIETY IS CHARMING.

I'M in love with twenty,
 I'm in love with twenty,
 And could adore
 As many more,
 For nothing's like a plenty.
 Variety is charming,
 Variety is charming,
 And constancy
 Is not for me, !
 So ladies you have warning.
 He that has but one love,
 Looks as poor
 As any boor,
 Or like a man with one glove.
 Variety, &c.
 Not the fine regalia
 Of eastern kings,
 The poet sings,
 But oh! the fine seraglio.
 Variety, &c.
 Girls grow old and ugly,
 And can't inspire
 The same desire,
 As when they're young and sinugly.
 Variety, &c.
 Why has Cupid pinions;
 If not to fly
 Through all the sky,
 And see his favourite minions.
 Variety, &c;

Love was born of beauty,
And when she goes,
The urchin knows,
To follow is his duty:
Variety is charming;
Variety is charming;
And constancy
Is not for me,
So ladies you have warning:





A FREE-MASON'S SONG.

WE have no idle prating,
Of either whig or tory;

But each agrees

To live at ease,

And sing or tell a story.

Fill to him,

To the brim,

Let it round the table roll :

The divine

Tells us wine

Chears the body and the soul.

We're always men of pleasure,

Despising pride and party;

While knaves and fools,

Prescribe us rules,

We are sincere and hearty.

Fill to him, &c.

If an accepted Mason

Shou'd talk of high or low church;

We'll set him down

A shallow crown,

And understand him no church.

Fill to him, &c.

The world is all in darkness;

About us they conjecture,

But little think

A song and drink

Succeed a Mason's lecture.

Fill to him, &c.

D

Then

Then landlord bring a hog's head,
And in the corner place it;

'Till it rebound

With hollow sound,

Each Mason here will face it.

Fill to him,

To the brim,

Let it round the table roll;

The divine

Tells us wine

Chears the body and the soul.

S O N G.—THE MIDSUMMER WISH.

Written by Dr. CROXALL.

WAFT me, some soft and cooling breeze,
To Windsor's shady, kind retreat;

Where sylvan scenes, wide-spreading trees,

Repel the raging dog-star's heat:

Where tufted grass, and mossy beds,

Afford a rural, calm repose;

Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,

And fragrant sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames, that flows fast by,

Along the smiling valley plays,

His glassy surface cheers the eye,

And thro' the flow'ry meadows strays:

His fertile banks, with herbage green,

His vales with golden plenty swell;

Where'er his purer streams are seen,

The gods of health and pleasure dwell.

S O N G S.

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Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave,
 With naked arms once more divide;
 In thee my glowing bosom lave,
 And cut the gently-rolling tide.
 Lay me with damask roses crown'd,
 Beneath some osier's dusky shade;
 Where water-lilies deck the round,
 And bubbling springs refresh the glade.

Let dear Lucinda too be there,
 With azure mantle slightly drest:
 Ye nymphs, bind up her flowing hair;
 Ye zephyrs fan her panting breast.
 O haste away, fair maid, and bring
 The muse, the kindly friend to love!
 To thee alone the muse shall sing,
 And warble thro' the vocal grove.

S O N G.

SOLICITUDE; A PASTORAL.

Written by MR. SHENSTONE.

WHY will you my passion reprove,
 Why term it a folly to grieve,
 Ere I tell you the charms of my love!
 She's fairer than you can believe.

With her mien she enamours the brave,
 With her wit she engages the free,
 With her modesty pleases the grave;
 She's every way pleasing to me.

When Paridel tries in the dance
 Some favour with Phillis to find,
 Oh! how with one trivial glance
 Might the ruin the peace of my mind!

S O N G S.

In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—oh! may Phillis beware
Of a magick therein is it's sound.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phillis the trophy despise!
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phillis's eyes.

The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

S O N G.

YOU may cease to complain,
For your suit is in vain,
All attempts you can make
But augment her disdain:
She bids you give o'er
While 'tis in your power;
For, except her esteem,
She can grant you no more.

Her heart has been long since
Assaulted and won,
Her truth is as lasting
And firm as the sun;
You'll find it more easy
Your passion to cure,
Than for ever those fruitless
Endeavours endure.

You

You may give this advice
 To the wretched and wife,
 But a lover like me
 Will those precepts despise;
 I scorn to give o'er,
 Were it still in my power;
 Tho' esteem were deny'd me,
 Yet her I'll adore.

A heart that's been touch'd
 Will some sympathy bear,
 'Twill lessen my sorrows,
 If she takes a share;
 I'll count it more honour
 In dying her slave,
 Than did her affections
 My steadiness crave.

You may tell her, I'll be
 Her true lover, tho' she
 Should mankind despise
 Out of hatred to me;
 'Tis mean to give o'er
 Cause we get no reward,
 She lost not her worth
 When I lost her regard.

My love on an altar
 More noble shall burn;
 I still will love one
 Without hopes of return!
 I'll tell her some other
 Has kindled the flame,
 And I'll sigh for herself
 In a counterfeit name.

HARK, Daphne, from the hawthorn-bush
 The spotted finches sing;
 In artless notes the merry thrush
 Salutes the blooming spring:
 On verdant bed the violet lies,
 To woo the western gale;
 While tow'ring lilies meet our eyes,
 Like love-sick virgins pale.
 The rill that gushes o'er the shore,
 Winds murm'ring thro' the glade;
 So heart-struck Thyrsis tells his moan,
 To win his cold-clay maid:
 The golden sun, in fresh array,
 Flames forward on the sphere;
 Around the may-pole shepherds play,
 To hail the flow'ry year.
 Say, shall we taste the breezy air,
 Or wander thro' the grove;
 There talk of Sylvia's wild despair,
 The prey of lawless love?
 Ah, no! she cries; o'er Sylvia's fall
 Exult not, tho' 'twas just;
 Dash not the sinner's name with gall,
 Nor triumph o'er her dust.
 True virtue scorns to fling the dart,
 Herself above all fear;
 When justice stings the guilty heart,
 She drops the gen'rous tear:
 Then own, ye nymphs, this god-like truth
 Is on your hearts impress;
 On brightest patterns form your youth,
 And be for ever blest.

S O N G.—Sung at RANELAGH.

THE heroes preparing to finish the war,
And bid to the camp an adieu,
Now sheathe up your swords, and rejoice, O
ye fair!

To think of returning to you.

With smiles, then, ye lasses, embellish your
charms,

Your lovers with raptures will come;

O take the brave fellows, then, close to your
arms,

And tenderly welcome them home.

S O N G.

THE MILLER'S WEDDING.

LEAVE, neighbours, your work, and to
sport and to play,

Let the tabor strike up and the village be gay.

No day thro' the year shall more chearful be
seen,

For Ralph of the mill marries Sue of the green.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me,

And while the wind blows,

And while the mill goes,

Who'll be so happy, so happy as we?

Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth
take a bride,

Be married to-day, and to-morrow be cloy'd;

My body is stout, and my heart is as sound,

And my love, like my courage, will never
give ground.

I love Sue, &c.

Let

Let ladies of fashion the best jointers wed,
 And prudently take the best bidders to bed;
 Such signing and sealing's no part of our bliss
 We settle our hearts, and we seal with a kiss.
 I love Sue, &c.

Though Ralph is not courtly, nor none of
 your beaus,
 Nor bounces, nor flatters, nor wears your fine
 cloaths;
 In nothing he'll borrow from folks of high life,
 Nor e'er turn his back on his friend, or his
 wife.
 I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill,
 While thou art kind, and thy tongue but lies
 still;
 Our joys shall continue, and ever be new,
 And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.
 I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
 And while the wind blows,
 And while the mill goes,
 Who'll be so happy, so happy as we?

S O N G.

Written by Mr GARRICK.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
 To hills and dales my passion tell,
 A flame which time can never quell,
 That burns for thee, my Peggy:
 You, greater bards, the lyre should hit;
 For say, what subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sparkling wit
 And bloom of lovely Peggy?

The

The sun first rising in the morn,
That paints the dew bespangled thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn,

As does my lovely Peggy:
And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
He's not so beauteous as, undrest,
Appears my lovely Peggy:

When Zephyr on the violet blows,
Or breathes upon the damask rose,
It does not half the sweets disclose,

As does my lovely Peggy:
I stole a kiss the other day,
And (trust me) nought but truth I say,
The fragrance of the blooming May
Was not so sweet as Peggy.

Was she array'd in rustic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon the oaten reed,

To please my love y Peggy:
With her a cottage would I light;
All's happy when she's in my sight;
But when she's gone, 'tis endless night;
All's dark without my Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r still rove,
And linnets warble through the grove,
Or stately swans the water love,

So long shall I love Peggy:
And when death, with his pointed dart,
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
My words shall be when I depart,
Adieu, my lovely Peggy.

A SCOTCH BALLAD.

*Sung at Vauxhall.***Y**OUNG Jockey sought my heart to win,

And woo'd as lovers woo ;

I, vers'd in all our sex's art,

Did just as maidens do :

Whate'er he'd sigh, whate'er he'd vow,

I'd study to be shy at ;

And when he press'd his fate to know,

'Twas, Pr'ythee, fool be quiet.

Month after month, of am'rous pain

He made a mighty fuss ;

Why if, you know, one loves a swain,

'Tis wrong to say one does :

He told me, passion could not live

Without more pleasing diet ;

And pray what answer could I give,

But, Pr'ythee, fool be quiet?

At length he made a bold essay,

And like a man he cry'd,

Thy hand, my dear, this very day

Shall Celia be my bride :

Convinc'd he would have seiz'd me still,

I could not well deny it ;

And now, believe me, when I will,

I make the fool be quiet.

S O N G.

AS Celia in her garden stray'd,

Secure, nor dream'd of harm,

A bee approach'd the lovely maid,

And rested on her arm.

SONGS.

The curious insect thither flew,
To taste the tempting bloom;
But with a thousand sweets in view,
It found a sudden doom.

Her nimble hand of life bereav'd
The darling little thing;
But first her snowy arm receiv'd,
And felt the painful sting.

Once only could that sting surprize,
Once be injurious found:
Not so the darts of Celia's eyes,
They never cease to wound.

Oh! would the short-liv'd burning smart
The nymph to pity move,
And teach her to regard the heart
She fires with endless love!

SON G.

GOD save great George, our king!
Long live our noble king,
God save the king!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the king.

O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politicks,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On him our hopes we fix;
God save us all.

Thy

Thy choicest gifts in store,
 On George be pleas'd to pour,
 Long may he reign;
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause,
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the king.

A FREE-MASON'S SONG.

COME, let us prepare,
 We brothers that are
 Met together on merry occasion;
 Let's drink, laugh, and sing,
 Our wine has a spring;
 Here's a health to an accepted mason.

The world is in pain
 Our secret to gain,
 But still let them wonder and gaze on;
 'Till they're shewn the light,
 They'll ne'er know the right
 Word or sign of an accepted mason.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
 They cannot tell what,
 Why so many great men in the nation
 Should aprons put on,
 To make themselves one
 With a free and an accepted mason.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,
 Have laid by their swords,
 This our myst'ry to put a good grace on;
 And ne'er been ashamed,
 To hear themselves nam'd
 With a free and an accepted mason.

Antiquity's pride
 We have on our side,
 It makes each man just in his station;
 There's nought but what's good,
 To be understood
 By a free and an accepted mason.

We're true and sincere,
 We're just to the fair,
 They'll trust us on ev'ry occasion;
 No mortal can more
 The ladies adore,
 Than a free and an accepted mason.

Then join hand in hand,
 To each other firm stand,
 Let's be merry, and put a bright face on;
 No mortal can boast,
 So noble a toast,
 As a free an accepted mason.

S O N G.

THE RAPE OF THE TRAP.

Written by Mr Shenstone.

'TWAS in a land of learning,
 The muse's fav'rite station,
 Such pranks, of late,
 Were play'd by a rat,
 As gave them consternation?

All in a college study,
 Where books were in great plenty,
 This rat would devour
 More sense, in an hour,
 Than I could write—in twenty.

His breakfast, half the morning,
 He constantly attended;
 And when the bell rung
 For evening-song,
 His dinner scarce was ended.

Huge tomes of geo—graphy,
 And maps, lay all in flutter;
 A river or a sea
 Was to him a dish of tea,
 And a kingdom—bread and butter.

Such havock, spoil, and rapine,
 With grief my muse rehearses;
 How freely he would dine
 On some bulky school divine,
 And for desert—eat verses.

He spar'd not ev'n heroics;
 On which we poets pride us:
 And would make no more
 Of King Arthurs, by the score,
 Than—all the world beside does.

But if the desp'rate potion
 Might chance to over-dose him;
 To check its rage,
 He took a page
 Of logic, to compose him.

A trap, in haste and anger,
 Was bought, you need not doubt on't;
 And such was the gin,
 Were a lion once in,
 He could not, I think, get out on't.

With

With cheefe, not books, 'twas baited;
The fact, I'll not belye it;
Since none, I tell ye that,
Whether scholar or rat,
Minds books, when he has other diet.

But more of trap and bait, Sir,
Why should I sing, or either?
Since the rat, with mickle pride,
All their sophistry defy'd,
And dragg'd them away together.

Both trap and bait were vanish'd
Thro' a fracture in the flooring;
Which, tho' so trim
It now may seem,
Had then a doz'n or more in.

Then answer this, ye sages,
Nor think I mean to wrong ye;
Had the rat, who thus did seize on
The trap, less claim to reason,
Than many a sage among ye?

Dan Prior's mice, I own it,
Were vermin of condition;
But this rat, who merely learn'd
What rats alone concern'd,
Was the greater politician.

That England's topsy turvy,
Is clear from these mishaps, Sir
Since traps, we may determine,
Will no longer take our vermin,
But vermin take our traps, Sir.

Let sophs, by rats infested,
 Then trust in cats to catch 'em;
 Lest they prove the utter bane
 Of our studies, where, 'tis plain,
 No mortal sits—to watch 'em.

S O N G.

O'ER the bowl we'll laugh and sing;
 Melancholy, hence away!
 Ring, ring, the bowl is empty;
 Fill it landlord, let's be gay.
 Rouse, ye genial sons of mirth!
 Now's the time to baffle care;
 Though we're mortal now on earth,
 Let us fancy heaven here.
 Happiness alone pursue;
 Where is more than dwells in wine?
 Each full bumper gives a new
 Pleasure to the theme divine.
 Why should man, with sorrow pining,
 Lose a life of joy and ease,
 When his bliss is still refining,
 In sublime delights like these.

S O N G.

Written by Mr. LEMOINE.

O Sweet content,
 Were thou but sent
 To us on Britain's isle;
 Our feuds wou'd cease,
 Our trade increase,
 And plenty round us smile:
 No more our funds oppress'd with wars,
 Or soldiers wear rebellion's scars.

Thy

Thy heav'nly rays,
 Permit always,
 To soothe each British breast;
 Nor hate, nor pain,
 Within them reign,
 But calmness, love, and rest:
 Be thund'ring canons heard no more,
 But peace resound from shore to shore.

Make envy flee,
 With massacre,
 To dwell in foreign spheres;
 Let Britons be
 From discord free,
 Nor shed oppression's tears:
 But all be mild, and all serene,
 Pay homage both to king and queen.

Then happy shall
 Live great and small,
 Beneath great George's pow'r;
 With bowl and glass,
 The minutes pass,
 Would thou but join each hour:
 'Tis thee content, who art the gate below,
 Which shuts out strife and heart-corroding woe.

S O N G.

On the taking of MONTREAL, by General
 AMHERST, in the year 1760.

I Fill not the glass
 To some favourite lass,
 A hero engrosses my lays;
 Thy trumpet, O fame!
 His deeds shall proclaim,
 And spread round the globe Amherst's praise,
 Through

Through woods, and o'er lakes,
His progress he takes,
With Montreal full in his eye;
The French wou'd in vain,
Or Indians, restrain
His troops, who to victory fly.

Cape Breton's our own,
Gallia's fishery's o'erthrown,
Chief nursery of her marine;
Invasion, that joke,
Will thence end in smoke,
And Britain still reign ocean's queen.

The Indians and we
Shall henceforth agree,
Thus our manufactures advance;
Our foes, to their cost,
See their rich fur-trade lost,
Great blow to the commerce of France.

Triumphant, with pride,
O'er ocean we ride,
Not a single attempt now miscarries;
To our ravish'd eyes,
Cressly, Agincourt rise,
And the days of our Edwards and Harry's.

Just George! O for thee,
The fates did decree,
reign will eternally shine;
The fam'd conquests told,
In our annals of old,
re already equalled in thine.

O'erwhelm'd

O'erwhelm'd with sad fears,
 See Gallia in tears;
 The loss of Montreal hemoan;
 The French are undone,
 And now Canada's won,
 Britann'a shall there fix her throne,

But hark! Heav'n-born peace
 Bids war's horrors cease,
 And lo! where the goddess descends!
 Her charms all adore,
 Human blood streams no more,
 And foes long contending are friends,

S O N G.

Sung in the Provok'd Wife.

AS tippling John was jogging on,
 Upon a riot-night;
 With tott'ring pace, and fiery face,
 Suspicious of high flight;
 The guards, who took him by his look,
 For some chief fire-brand,
 Ask'd, whence he came; what was his name;
 Who are you? stand, friend, stand.

I am going home; from meeting come.

Ay, says one, that's the case:
 Some meeting he has burnt, you see
 The flame's still in his face.
 John thought 'twas time to purge the crime;
 And said, 'twas his intent,
 For to assuage his thirsty rage;
 That meeting 't was he meant.

Come,

Come, friend, be plain, you trifle in vain,
 Says one; pray, let us know,
 That we may find how you're inclin'd,
 Are you high-church, or low?
 John said to that, I'll tell you what,
 To end debates and strife;
 All I can say, this is the way
 I steer my course of life.
 I ne'er to Bow, nor Burgeses go,
 To steeple-house, nor hall;
 The brisk bat-bell best suits my zeal,
 With, Gentlemen, d'ye call?
 Now judge, am I low-church, or high?
 From tavern or the steeple,
 Whose merry toll exalts the soul,
 And makes us high-flown people.
 The guards came on, and look'd at John,
 With countenance most pleasant:
 By whisper round, they all soon found,
 He was no dang'rous peasant;
 So while John stood, the best he cou'd,
 Expecting their decision;
 Fox on't, says one, let him be gone,
 He's of our own religion.

S O N G.

Written in the Year 1760.

HARK, hark! the drum sounds,
 The echo rebounds,
 And bids us for fighting prepare;
 Then let us advance,
 And conquer all France,
 For with Britons no troops can compare.

Resentment's

Resentment's great call;
 To Englishmen all,
 Cries loudly to recompence wrong;
 The voice let's obey,
 And rise with the day,
 Nor glory to us shall belong.

When in a just cause,
 And liberty's laws,
 With vigour our spirits let's chear;
 Our swords drown in hand,
 We'll use at command,
 And shew we are strangers to fear.

Let enemies boast
 Of storming our coast,
 Whose vessels in harbour do lie;
 We wish them all out,
 To bang them about,
 Then we'll vanquish, brave boys, or we'll die.

Crown-Point, Senegal,
 And Gaudaloupe's fall,
 Enrichments to England do bring;
 But France poor is grown,
 And their subjects must moan,
 While Quebec's brave conquest we'll sing.

S O N G.

Written by Mr. LEMOINE.

ANCIENT sages loudly speak
 In praise of Adam's ale;
 Yet all their notions seem to weak,
 They can't with me prevail.

S O N G S

My joys all center in a bowl,
 Brimful of saucy grog;
 And when it's out, I loudly bawl,
 Come, fill it up, you dog!

My leisure hours I freely spend,
 Without a grain of sense;
 I crack a jock with ev'ry friend,
 And thus I use my pence.

S O N G.

THE CHAISE-MARINE.

MY dearest life, wert thou my wife,
 How happy should I be!
 And all my care, in peace and war,
 Should be to pleasure thee.
 When up and down, from town to town,
 We jolly soldiers rove;
 Then you, my queen, in chaise-marine,
 Shall move like queen of love.

Your love I'd prize beyond the skies,
 Beyond the spoils of war;
 Would'st thou agree to follow me,
 In humble baggage-car.
 For happiness, though in distress,
 In soldiers wives is seen;
 And pride in coach has more reproach
 Than love in chaise-marine.

Oh! do not hold your love in gold,
 Nor set you heart on gain;
 Behold the great with all their state,
 Their lives are care and pain.

S O N G S.

In house or tent, I pay no rent,
 Nor care nor trouble see;
 But ev'ry day I get my pay,
 And spend it merrily.
 Love not those knaves, great fortune's slaves,
 Who lead ignoble lives:
 Nor deign to smile on men so vile,
 Who fight none but their wives.
 For Britain's right and you we fight,
 And ev'ry ill defy;
 Should but the fair reward our care,
 With love and constancy.
 If sighs, nor groans, nor tender moans,
 Can win your harden'd heart;
 Let love in arms, with all his charms,
 Then take a soldier's part.
 With fife and drum the soldiers come,
 And all the pomp of war;
 Then don't think mean of chaise-marine,
 'Tis love's triumphant car.

S O N G.

Sung at RANELAGH.

FLY, fly to yon vale, other pastimes pursue,
 My eyes and my tongue have determin'd
 thy fate;
 This face and this shape are not destin'd for
 you,
 And former disdain is now turn'd into hate.

S O N G.

SONG.

IN story we're told,
 How our monarchs of old,
 O'er France spread their royal domain;
 But no annals can show
 Their pride laid so low,
 As when brave George the Second did reign,
 Brave boys.

Of Roman and Greek,
 Let fame no more speak,
 How their arms the old world subdue;
 Through the nations around,
 Let our trumpets now sound,
 How Britons have conquer'd the new,
 Brave boys.

East, West, North, and South,
 Our canon's loud mouth
 Shall the rights of our monarch maintain;
 On America's strand
 Amherst limits the land,
 Boscawen gives law on the main,
 Brave boys.

Each port and each town
 We still make our own.
 Cape-Breton, Crown-Point, Niagar;
 Guadaloupe, Senegal,
 Quebec's mighty fall,
 Shall prove we've no equal in war,
 Brave boys.

Though Confians did boast
 To conquer our coast,

Our

Our thunder soon made monsieur mute ;
 Brave Hawke wing'd his way,
 Then bounc'd on his prey,
 And gave him an English salute,
 Brave boys.

At Minden, you know,
 How we conquer'd the foe,
 While homeward their army now steals ;
 Though (they cry'd) British bands
 Are too hard for our hands,
 • Begar we can eat them in heels,
 Moiblieu!

While our heroes from home
 For laurels now roam,
 Shou'd the flat-bottom boats but appear ;
 Our militia shall show,
 No wooden-shoe foe
 Can with freemen in battle compare,
 Brave boys.

Our fortunes and lives,
 Our children and wives,
 To defend is the time now, or never ;
 Then let each volunteer
 To the drum-head repair ;
 King George and Old England for ever,
 Brave boys.

S O N G.

GO, gentle breeze, that fans the grove,
 And wait in sighs a lover's woe ;
 Or through the blooming garden rove,
 And lodge within the carnal rose ;

To ev'ry blushing fold made known,
That Colin's sighs exceed thy own.

Beneath her crimson foilage lie,

'Till on my Delia's bosom blest;

Then from thy silken covert fly,

And plead my cause within her breast,

But never leave that frozen part,

Unless to bring me Delia's heart.

S O N G.

FEATHER'D FELICITY.

Written by Mr. LEMOINE.

TWO milk-white doves upon a bough

Sat courting t'other day;

Enraptur'd with each other's vow,

Time sweetly stole away.

Fost'ring zephyrs gently blew,

To fan their soft desires;

While Phœbus bright upon them threw

The warmth of heav'nly fires.

With kisses sweet the male carest

The pride of nature's art;

While she, all fondness, heav'd the breast

That clos'd a truth-faught heart.

No mundane cares within them dwelt,

To gall the fleeting hour:

Both own'd the happiness they felt

Arose from Cupid's pow'r.

S O N G.

Written by the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

WHEN Fanny blooming fair
 First caught my ravish'd sight,
 Pleas'd with her shape and air,
 I felt a strange delight;
 Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
 Admiring ev'ry part,
 And ev'ry feature prais'd,
 She stole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes
 Ten thousand loves appear;
 There Cupid basking lies,
 His shafts are hoarded there.
 Her blooming cheeks are dy'd
 With colour all their own,
 Excelling far the pride
 Of roses newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confess
 The lucky hand of Jove;
 Her features all express
 The beauteous queen of love;
 What flames my nerves invade,
 When I behold the breast
 Of that too-charming maid
 Rise, suing to be prest?

Venus round Fanny's waist,
 Has her own Cestus bound,
 Three guardian Cupids grace,
 And dance the circle round.

S O N G S.

How happy must he be
Who shall her zone unloose !
That bliss to all but me,
May Heaven and she refuse !

S O N G.

Sung in ARTAXERXES.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant Love
A conquest I believ'd ;
The flatt'ring error cease to prove,
O let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame
Which love did first create ;
What was my pride is now my shame,
And must be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind
The weakness of my heart,
Which, ah ! I feel too much inclin'd
To take a traitor's part.

S O N G.

WINTER.

Written by Mr. SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nails;
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pails;
When blood is nipt, and ways be fou',
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit ! tu whoo !
A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

S O N G S.

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When aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's no'e looks red and raw;
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit! tu-whoo!
 A merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

S O N G.

WHEN Chloe we ply,
 We swear we shall die,
 Her eyes do our hearts so enthrall;
 But 'tis for her pelf,
 And not for herself;
 'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

The maidens are coy,
 They'll pish! and they'll fie!
 And swear if you're rude, they will call;
 But whisper so low,
 You may easily know,
 'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

My dear, the wives cry,
 If ever you die,
 To marry again I ne'er shall;
 But in less than a year,
 Will make it appear,
 'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

In

In matters of Rate,
And party debate,
For church and for justice we bawl
But if you'll attend,
You'll find in the end,
'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

The non-cons will rant
In their pulpits, and cant,
And the honest conformists will maul,
In holy disguise
They lift up their eyes ;
'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

The lawyers, you know,
To Westminster go,
And plead for their fees in the hall ;
For their clients they'll wrangle,
And make such a jangle !
'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

The wretch that attends,
And on courtiers depends,
His fortune he'll find to be small
For their actions declare,
Their words are but air ;
'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

S O N G.

Sung in MIDAS.

NE'ER will I be left in the lurch
Cease your bribes and wheedling
'Till I'm made a bride i' the church
I'll keep man from meddling.

What

What are riches
 And soft speeches!
 Baits and fetches
 To bewitch us;
 When you've won us,
 And undone us,
 Cloy'd, you shun us,
 Frowning on us,
 For our heedless piddling.

A SONG UPON SONGS.

From the Vocal Magazine.

COME ev'ry brisk soul
 Who delights in a bowl,
 In mirth, or what to it belongs;
 Attend to my verse,
 While here I rehearse,
 To please you, a song upon songs.

But first, I declare,
 To him who to hear
 This little original longs;
 Let him think what he will,
 Nought offensive or ill
 Is contain'd in this song upon songs.

Great statesmen conceal
 Their schemes, wheel and wheel,
 And under disguise commit wrongs
 I nobody hurt,
 But contribute to mirth,
 By writing a song upon songs.

The

S O N G S.

The boisterous knave,
Who pretends to be brave,
And boasts of his fights and ding dong;
When put to the test,
How fallen his crest!
And his courage—a song upon songs.

The clergy resort
To superiors at court,
And crave for fat livings in througs
While I, with low aim,
Aspire to fame,
In scribbling a song upon songs.

Taste differs in all,
In great and in small,
A hobby horse to all belongs;
A girl, ball, or play,
A review, or birth-day,
Or even a song upon songs.

Guitars with some suit,
Some a fiddle, or flute,
And some love a poker and tongs;
Some admire duettos
And others cantatas,
And others my song upon songs.

Let all who've the spleen
Buy this magazine;
Such properties to it belongs,
It will give them a cure,
As certain and sure
As this is a song upon songs.

But

But, if you proceed,
 And continue to read
 Each song which to this book belongs;
 You'll own, I believe,
 Many pleasure can give,
 Beside this our song upon songs.

BLYTHE JOCKEY; A SCOTCH BALLAD;

Sung at Vauxhall.

BLYTHE Jockey, young and gay,
 Is all my hearts delight;
 He's all my talk by day,
 And all my dreams by night.

If from the lad I be,
 'Tis winter then with me
 But when he tarries here,
 'Tis summer all the year.

When I and Jockey met
 First on the flow'ry dale,
 Right sweetly he me tret,
 And love was all his tale.

You are the lass, said he,
 That staw my heart frae me;
 O ease me of my pain,
 And never shew disdain.

I'm glad when Jockey comes,
 Sad when he gangs away;
 'Tis night when Jockey glooms,
 But when he smiles 'tis day.

Well

Well can my Jockey kyth
 His love and courtesie;
 He made my heart full blythe,
 When he first spake to me:

His suit I'll deny'd,
 He kiss'd and I comply'd;
 Sae Jockey promis'd me,
 That he would faithful be.

When our eyes meet I pant,
 I colour, sigh, and faint;
 What lais that would be kind,
 Can better speak her mind.

S O N G.

Sung at RANELAGH.

NOT on beauty's transient pleasure,
 Which no real joys impart;
 Nor on heaps of sordid treasure,
 Did I fix my youthful heart.

'Twas not Chloe's perfect feature
 Did the fickle wand'r'r bind;
 Not her form, the boast of Nature,
 'Twas alone her spotless mind.
 Not on beauty's, &c.

Take, ye swains, the real blessing,
 That will joys for life insure,
 The virtuous mind alone possessing,
 Will your lasting bliss secure.
 Not on beauty's, &c.

S O N G S.

S O N G.

Written by Mr. GAY.

RECITATIVE.

'T WAS when the seas were roaring,
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd !
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wishful look ;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

AIR.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days ;
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the sea ?
Cease, cease, thou troubled ocean,
And let my lover rest ;
Ah ! what's thy trouble and motion,
To that within my breast ?

The merchant robb'd of treasure,
Views tempests with despair ;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear ?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why, then, beneath the water,
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eyes those rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

Thus melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear,
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear:
When o'er the white wave slooping,
His floating corpse she spy'd;
Then like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head—and dy'd.

HO
Whof
Anc



S O N G.

Sung in CYMON.

I Laugh, and I sing,
 I am blithesome and free,
 The rouge's little sting,
 It can never reach me:

For with fal, la, la, la!

And ha, ha, ha, ha!

It can never reach me.

My skin is so tough,
 Or so blinking is he,
 He can't pierce my buff,
 Or he misses poor me.

For with fal, la, la, la!

And ha, ha, ha, ha!

He misses poor me.

O, never be dull,
 By the sad willow tree:
 Of mirth be brimful,
 And run over like me.

For with fal, la, la, la !

And ha, ha, ha, ha!

Run over like me.

S O N G.

Written by Mr. J. R.

HOW happy loves the youth!
 (His mistress ever kind)
 Whose passion's told with truth,
 And innocent his mind.

Whose bosom, free from guile,
 Need no false arts to screen;
 Nor no deceiving smile
 To hide the fiend within.

Whose heart the maiden's friend,
 Where more he could obtain,
 Oath to defend,
 And scorns the cruel gain!

Whose mind the pride disdains,
 To act a rover's part;
 To give the maid a pain,
 Who yieldeth him her heart.

How guileless to embrace,
 His spotless wishes move!
 His ev'ry action chase,
 His passion only love!

Transported to possess
 The object of our joys;
 He seeks no more to bless,
 Contented with his choice.

S O N G.

Sung in *Artaxerxes*.

HOW hard is my fate,
 How desp'rate my state,
 When honour and virtue excite,
 To suffer distress,
 Contented to bless
 The object in whom I delight.
 Yet amidst all all the woes
 My soul undergoes,

Thro' virtue's too rigid decree,
 I'll scorn to complain
 If the force of his pain
 Awaken his pity for me.

S O N G.

Sung in Artaxerxes.

TO fight and complain,
 Alike I disdain,
 Contented my wish to enjoy;
 I scorn to reflect
 On a lady's neglect,
 Or barter my peace for a toy.

In love, as in war,
 I laugh at a scar;
 And if my proud enemy yield,
 The joy that remains,
 Is to lead her in chains,
 And glean the rich spoils of the field.

S O N G.

THE FORSAKEN NYMPH.

GUARDIAN Angels, now protect me,
 Send, ah! send the youth I love;
 Deign, O Cupid, to direct me,
 Lead me thro' the myrtle grove.
 Bear my sighs, soft-floating air,
 Say I love him to despair;
 Tell him 'tis for him I grieve,
 For him alone I wish to live.

Mid secluded dells I'll wander,
 Silent as the shades of night,
 Near some bubbling rill's meander
 Where he erst has blest my sight;
 There to weep the night away,
 There to waste in sighs the day.
 Think, fond youth, what vows you swore,
 And must I never see thee more?

Then recluse shall be my dwelling
 Deep in some sequester'd vale,
 There with mournful cadence swelling
 Oft repeat my love-sick tale;
 And the lark and Philomel
 Oft shall hear a virgin tell
 What the pain to bid adieu
 To joy, to happiness, and you.

S O N G.

Sung in the *Metamorphoses*.

AH, dear Marcella! maid divine,
 No more will I at fate repine,
 If I this day behold thee mine,
 For dearly do I love thee.

Thy ease shall be my sweet employ,
 My constant care, my every joy,
 May then no chance my hopes destr. y
 For dearly do I love thee,

Sweet is the woodbine to the bee,
 The rising sun to every tree,
 But sweeter far art thou to me,
 For dearly do I love thee.

And

SONGS.

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And let me but behold thee mine,
No more will I at fate repine,
But while I live, thou maid divine,
With rapture will I love thee.

SONG.

Sung in *Love* in a *Village*.

LET gay ones, and great,
Make the most of their fate,
From pleasure to pleasure they run;
Well, who cares a jot?
I envy them not,
While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
To the fields I repair,
With spirits unclouded and light;
The blisses I find,
No stings leave behind,
But health and diversion unite.

SONG.

Sung in *Cymon*.

TAX my tongue, it is a shame:
Merlin, sure is much to blame
Not to let it sweetly flow.
Yet the favours of the great,
And the silly maidens fate,
Oft depend on Yes or No.

Lack-a-day!
Poor Fatima!
Stinted so,
To Yes or No.

S O N G S.

Should I want to talk or chat,
Tell Urganda this or that,
How shall I about it go!
Let her ask me what she will,
I must keep my clapper still,
Striking only Yes or No.

Lack-a day!
Poor Fatima!
Stinted so,
To Yes or No!

S O N G.

Written by Mr. Rowe.

AS on a summer's day,
In the green-wood shade I lay,
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way.
And as she pass'd by,
With a scornful glance of her eye,
What a shame, quoth she,
For a swain must it be
Like a lazy loon for to lie!
And dost thou nothing heed
What Pan, our god, has decreed;
What a prize to day
Shall be given away
To the sweetest shepherd's reed?
There not a single swain
Of all this fruitful plain,
But with hopes and fears,
Now busily prepares
The happy boon to gain

Shall

S O N G S. 15

Shall another maiden shine
In brighter array than thine?

Up, up, dull swain,
Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine.

Alas! my love, I cry'd,
What avails this courtly pride?
Since thy dear desert
Is written in my heart,
What is all the world beside?

To me thou art more gay,
In this homely ruffet grey,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and so sheen,
Or the brightest queen of May.

What tho' my fortune frown,
And deny thee a silken gown;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this shade,
And a shepherd all thy own.

S O N G.

The Despairing Shepherd.

BENEATH a cooling shade
Young Strephon sought relief:
The flow'rs around his head
Pin'd, conscious of his grief.

Fond, foolish wretch, (he cry'd)
I love, and yet despair;
Pursue, tho' still deny'd
By the too cruel fair.

The

152 S O N G S.

The courtier asks a place;
The sailor tempts the sea;
The miser begs increase;
Love only governs me.

Not honour, wealth, or fame,
Can like soft transports move:
On earth 'tis bliss supreme,
And heav'n is but to love.

S O N G.

Hero and Leanaer; an old Ballad.

LEANDER on the bay
Of Hellespont all naked stood;
Impatient of delay,

He leap'd into the fatal flood:
The raging seas,
Whom none can please,
Gainst him their malice show;
The heavens lour'd,
The rain down pour'd,
And loud the winds did blow.

Then casting round his eyes,
Thus of his fate he did complain,
Ye cruel rocks and skies!

Ye stormy winds, and angry main!
What 'tis to miss
The lover's bliss,
Alas! ye do not know;
Make me your wreck
As I come back.

But spare me as I go.

Lo!

Lo! yonder stands the tow'r
Where my beloved Hero lies,
And this the appointed hour
Which sets to watch her longing eyes,
To his fond suit
The gods were mute;
The billows answer, No:
Up to the skies
The surges rise,
But sunk the youth as low.
Mean while the wishing maid,
Divided 'twixt her care and love,
Now does his stay upbraid;
Now dreads he should the passage prove:
O fate! said she,
Nor heav'n nor thee,
Our vows shall e'er divide.
I'd leap this wall,
Cou'd I but fall
By my Leander's side.
At length the rising sun
Did to her sight reveal, too late,
That Hero was undone;
Not by Leander's fault, but fate.
Said she, I'll shew,
Tho' we are two,
Our loves were ever one:
This proof I'll give,
I will not live,
Nor shall he die alone.
Down from the wall she leapt
Into the raging seas to him,

Down

Courting each wave the met,
 To teach her weary'd arms to swim,
 The sea gods wept,
 Nor longer kept
 Her from her lover's side.
 When join'd at last,
 She grasp'd him fast,
 Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and died.

S O N G.

THE man who for life
 Is plagu'd with a wife,
 Is sure in a wretched condition;
 Go things how they will,
 She sticks by him still,
 And death is his only physician.
 Poor man, &c.

To trifle and toy,
 May give a man joy,
 When passion's promoted by beauty?
 But where is the bliss
 Of a conjugal kiss,
 When passion is prompted by duty.
 Poor man, &c.

The dog when possess'd
 Of mutton the best,
 A bone he may leave at his pleasure;
 But if to his tail
 'Tis ty'd, without fail
 He is harass'd and plagu'd beyond measure.
 Poor cur, &c.

S O N G S. 155

S O N G.

The Fair Penitent,

A Lovely lass to a Friar came
To confess in a morning early,
In what, my dear, art thou to blame?
Come, own it all sincerely.
I've done, Sir, what I dare not name,
With a lad that loves me dearly.

The greatest fault in myself I know
Is what I now discover.
Then you to Rome for that must go,
There discipline to suffer.
Lack a day, Sir! if it must be so,
Pray with me send my lover.

No, no, my dear, you do but dream,
We'll have no double dealing;
But if with me you'll repeat the same,
I'll pardon your past failing.
I must own, Sir, tho' I blush for shame,
That your penance is prevailing.

S O N G,

S U M M E R,

Written by Mr. Lemoine.

A L L nature looks gay,
While birds on each spray
Re-echo

S O N G S.

Re-echo sweet harmony round;
The lilly and rose
Their beauties disclose,
And daisies enamel the ground.

The meadows look green,
No sorrows are seen,
Each garden's enraptur'd with joy;
Bright murmuring rills,
That circle the hills,
Yield pleasures that never can cloy.

The snowy fleec'd lambs,
Beside of their dams,
Pass merrily all the glad day;
While husbandmen sweat,
By the wonderful heat
Of Phoebus's powerful ray.

And tho' the spring's fled,
We've summer instead,
With charms that enliven the soul;
So nothing ! mirth
Inhabits our earth,
From latitude—enough, to the pole.

A FREE MASON'S SONG.

WHEN quite a young spark,
I was in the dark,
And wanted to altar my station;
I went to a friend,
Who prov'd, in the end,
A free and an accepted mason.

At a door he then knock'd,
Which quickly unlock'd,
When he bid me to put a good face on,
And not be afraid,
For I should be made
A free and an accepted mason.

My wishes were crown'd,
And a master I found,
Who made a most solemn oration;
Then shew'd me the light,
And gave me the right
Sign, token, and word, of a mason.

How great my amaze,
When I first saw the blaze!
And how struck with the mystic occasion!
Astonish'd! I found,
Tho' free, I was bound
To a free and an accepted mason.

When cloathed in white,
I took great delight
In the work of this noble vocation:
And knowledge I gain'd,
When the lodge he explain'd
Of a free and an accepted mason.

I was bound, it appears,
For seven long years,
Which to me is of trifling duration:
With freedom I serve,
And strain ev'ry nerve
To acquit myself like a good mason.

A bumper then fill
With an hearty good will,

To our master pay due veneration ;
 Who taught us the art
 We ne'er will impart,
 Unless to an accepted mason,

S O N G.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

Y E virgins attend,
 Believe me your friend,
 And with prudence adhere to my plain,
 Ne'er let it be said
 There goes an old maid,
 But get marry'd as fast as you can.
 As soon as you find
 Your hearts are inclin'd
 To be quick at the sight of a man ;
 Then chuse out a youth
 Of honour and truth,
 And get marry'd as fast as you can.
 For age like a cloud,
 Your charms soon will shroud,
 And this whimsical life's but a span ;
 Then, maids make your hay
 While Sol darts his ray,
 And get marry'd as fast as you can.
 The treacherous rake
 Will artfully take
 Ev'ry method po'r girls to trepan ;
 But baffle their snare,
 Make virtue your care,
 And get marry'd as fast as you can.
 And when Hymen's bands
 Have join'd both your hands The

The bright flame still continue to fan;
 Ne'er harbour the stings
 That jealousy brings,
 But be constant, and blest while you can.

S O N G.

Sung in *Acis and Galatea*.

LOVE sounds the alarm,
 And fear is a flying;
 When beauty's the prize,
 What mortal fears dying?

In defence of my treasure
 I'll bleed at each vein;
 Without her no pleasure,
 For life is a pain.

S O N G.

Written by Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

SHALL I, like an hermit, dwell
 On a rock, or in a cell,
 Calling home the smallest part
 That is missing of my heart,
 To bestow it where I may
 Meet a rival every day?
 If she undervalues me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Were her tresses angel gold;
 If a stranger may be bold,
 Unrebuked, unafraid,
 To convert them to a braid.

And

And, with a little more ado,
Work them into bracelets too;
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be?

Were her hands as rich a prize
As her hairs, or precious eyes;
If she lay them out to take
Kisses for good-manners sake;
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip;
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be?

No; she must be perfect snow,
In effect as we'll as show,
Warming but as snow-balls do,
Nor like fire, by burning too:
But when she by change hath got
To her heart a second lot;
Then, if others share with me,
Farewel her, whate'er she be.

A SCOTCH BALLAD.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

ALL on the pleasant banks of Tweed,
Young Jockey won my heart;
None tun'd so sweet his oaten reed,
None sung with so much art,
His skilful tale,
Did soon prevail
To make me fondly love him;
But now he hies,
Nor hears my cries,
I wou'd I ne'er had seen him.

W h e n

When first we met, the bonny swain
 Of nought but love could say :
 Oh ! give (he cry'd) my heart again,
 You've stole my heart away ;
 Or else incline,
 To give me thine,
 And I'll together join 'em :
 My faith'ul heart
 Will never part.
 Ah ! why did I believe him !

Not now my slighted face he knows,
 His soon forgotten dear ;
 To a wealthier lass o'erjoy'd he goes,
 To breathe his falsehood there :
 Mistaken Kate,
 The swain's a cheat,
 Not for a moment trust him :
 For shining gold,
 H'es bought and sold,
 I would I had not seen him,

S O N G.

Sung in ALFRED.

AS calms succeed when storms are past,
 And still the raging main ;
 So love will have it's hour at last,
 And borrow sweets from pain,
 No more I'll shun the face of day,
 Within these shades to mourn ;
 All joys with Alfred fled away,
 All meet in his return.

SONG.

S O N G.

COME, thou rosy dimpled boy,
 Source of every heart-felt joy;
 Leave the blissful bow'rs awhile,
 Paphos, and the Cyprian isle;
 Visit Britain's rocky shore,
 Britons, too, thy pow'r adore;
 Britons, hardy, bold and free,
 Own thy laws, and yield to thee;
 Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy,
 Come, thou rosy dimpled boy.

Haste to Sylvia, haste away,
 This is thine and Hymen's day;
 Bid her thy soft bandage wear,
 Bid her for love's rites prepare;
 Let the nymphs, with many a flow'r,
 Deck the sacred nuptial bow'r,
 Thither lead the lovely fair,
 And let Hymen, too, be there:
 This is thine and Hymen's day;
 Haste to Sylvia, haste away.

Only while we love we live;
 Love alone can pleasure give;
 Pow'r, and pomp, and tinsel state,
 Idle pageants of the great;
 Crowns and sceptres, envy'd things,
 And the pride of Eastern kings,
 Are but childish, empty toys,
 When compar'd to love's sweet joys.
 Love alone can pleasure give;
 Only while we love we live,

S O N G.

Sung in the Padlock.

DEAR heart ! what a terrible life am I led ?
 A dog has a better, that's shelter'd and fed ;
 Night and day 'tis the same,
 My pain is dere game ;
 Me wish to de Lord me was dead,
 Whate'er's to be done,
 Poor black must run ;
 Mungo here, Mungo dere,
 Mungo every where,
 Above, or below,
 Sirrah, come, sirrah, go ;
 Do so, and do so,
 Oh ! Oh !
 Me wish to de Lord me was dead,

S O N G.

SPRING.

Sung at RANELAGH.

HAIL, young Spring, the earth adorning,
 Drive old Winter far away ;
 Call the rosy-finger'd morning,
 Deck the sun in radiance gay.
 Flora, bring thy sweetest treasure ;
 Zephyrs, waft thy softest gale ;
 Chant, ye birds, the song of pleasure ;
 Echo, tell it through the vale.
 Leafless, tuneless, unendearing,
 Mourn'd the long-deserted grove ;
 But, sweet Spring, at thy appearing,
 All is harmony and love.

A MARTIAL SONG.

HOW stands the glass around ?
 For shame, ye take no care, my boys ;
 How stands the glass around ?
 Let mirth and wine abound,
 The trumpets sound,
 The colours they are flying, boys,
 To fight, kill, or wound ;
 May we still be found,
 Content with our hard fate, my boys,
 On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why,
 Shou'd we be melancholy, boys ?
 Why, soldiers, why,
 Whose bus'ness 'tis to die ?
 What, fighting, fie !
 Drown fear, drink on, be jolly, boys,
 'Tis he, you, or I !
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,
 I mean not to upbraid ye, boys ;
 'Tis but in vain
 For soldiers to complain ;
 Should next campaign
 Send us to him that made us, boys,
 We're free from pain !
 But if we remain,
 A Bottle and kind landlady
 Cure all again.

SONG.

S O N G S.

S O N G.

Sung in Mother Skipton.

TO heal the smart a bee had made
Upon my Chloe's face,
Honey upon her cheek she laid,
And bid me kiss the place.

Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound
Imbib'd both sweet and smart ;
The honey on my lips I found,
The sting within my heart.

Village Courtship ; A Pastoral Glee.

Sung at Vauxhall.

HOW harmless and sweet are the joys of the
plain,
When, quitting the village, each nymph and
her swain

The pipers loud summons obey ;
While shines the bright moon, radiant queen
of the night,
And sil'ring the meadows, looks down with
delight,

To see jolly mortals so gay.

Aurelia.

Come, Julia, add one to the throng
That tript it the valley along :
The sound of our feet,
Pleas'd echo shall bear,
And mimic each close of our song.

Damon.

Damon.

Aurelia, my charmer away!
For once, turn the night into day;
The joys of the wake,
Ale, cyder, and cake,
Forbid any longer delay.

Mopsus.

Bold youth, your addressee decline;
The choice of these damsels resign;
Though grey are my locks,
The herds and the flocks
That graze round the village are mine.

Damon.

Permit me to ask, as a friend,
To which of these girls you pretend?
Your plea shall be try'd,
The fair one decide,
And contest in union shall end.

Delia.

Though, Mopsus, your riches I know,
That plea I shall never allow;
For while a full bowl
My thirst can controul,
Unheeded a river may flow.

Phillis.

Good farmer! since female decree
All parties must bring to agree;
Let Colin be mine,
Tho' pelf I decline;
Content and a cottage for me.

Julia.

S O N G S.

Julia.

To end fruitless cavils and noise,
Take, Strephon, my hand and my voice :
Away age and crosses,
A coach and six horses
Shan't draw me away from my choice.

S O N G.

Amoret.

SWEET Phyllis, well met,
The sun is just set,
To yon myrtle grove let's repair ;
All nature's at rest,
And none to molest ;
I've something to say to my fair.

Phyllis.

No, no, subtle swain,
Entreaties are vain,
Persuade me to go you ne'er shall,
Night draws on apace,
I must quit the place,
The dew is beginning to fall.

Amoret.

Believe me, coy maid,
By honour I'm sway'd,
No fears need your bosom alarm,
The oak and the pine
Their leaves kindly join,
To shelter love's vot'ries from harm.

Phyllis.

Phyllis.

Your arts I despise,
 My virtue I prize;
 Though poor, I am richer than those
 Who, lost to all shame,
 Will barter their fame
 For purchase of gold and fine cloaths.

Amoret.

You do me much wrong;
 Such thoughts ne'er belong
 To the noble and gen'rous breast;
 I meant but to know
 If Phyllis would go
 And let Hymen make Amoret blest.

Phyllis.

If what you now say
 Your heart don't betray,
 It gives me much pleasure to find
 My Amoret still
 A stranger to ill,
 And to wedlock's soft bondage inclin'd.

S O N G.

Sung in the Oratorio of *Judith*.

VAIN is beauty's gaudy flow'r,
 Pageant of an idle hour;
 Born just to bloom and fade:
 Nor less weak, less vain than it,
 Is the pride of human wit;
 The shadow of a shade,

SONGS.

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SONG.

Sung in the Golden Pippin.

IF I have some—little—beauty—
 Can I help it?—no, not I—
 Some good luck, too—'tis my duty
 Gifts so precious to apply.
 Nature—fortune—gave 'em freely,
 And I'll use 'em—quite genteelly.
 If the smarts of the sky
 Cringe, ogle, and sigh,
 Whene'er I pass by;
 And cry,
 Look y' there!
 What an air!
 Gods, how fair!
 Pray, why
 (To feed your starch'd pride)
 Must I go and hide,
 'Till you're made a bride?
 Who, I?
 No, no—If I do, may I die.

SONG.

The Friar of Orders Grey;

An Old Ballad.

IT was a friar of orders grey,
 Walk'd forth to tell his beads;
 And he met with a lady fair,
 Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

Now

S O N G S:

Now Christ thee save, thou rev'rend friar;
 I pray thee tell to me,
 If ever at yon holy shrine
 My true love thou didst see?

And how shall I know your true love
 From many another one?

O by his cockle hat and staff,
 And by his sandal shone.

But chiefly by his face and mien,
 That were so fair to view;
 His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
 And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he is dead and gone!

Lady, he's dead and gone!

And at his head a green-grass turf,
 And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloysters long

He languish'd and he dy'd,

Lamen'ing of a lady's love,

And 'plaining of her pride.

Here bore him barefac'd on his bier

Six proper youths and tall,

And many a tear bedew'd his grave

Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!

And art thou dead and gone!

And didst thou die for love of me!

Break, cruel heart of stone!

O weep not, lady, weep not so;

Some ghostly comfort seek;

Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,

Nor tears bedew thy cheek.

S O N G S.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

And now, alas! for thy sad loss
I'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wish'd to live,
For thee I wish to die.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For, violets pluckt, the sweetest show'rs
Will ne'er make grow again.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly;
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.

O say not so, thou holy friar;
I pray thee, say not so;
For since my true-love dy'd for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he ne'er come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead, and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose;
The comeliest youth was he!
But he is dead, and laid in his grave,
Alas! and woe is me!

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea, and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men e'er were fickle found,
Since summer-trees were leafy.

Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so:
My love he had the truest heart;
O he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth;
And didst thou die for me!
Then farewell home; for, evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

But, first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay;
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay.

Yet stay, fair lady; rest a while
Beneath this cloyster wall:
See, through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzle rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar;
O stay me not I pray!
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of grey,
Thy own true love appears.

Here, forc'd by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought;
And here, amid these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought;

But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet past away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer wou'd I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart:
For, since I've found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.

S O N G.

The Lady Isabella's Tragedy.

THERE was a lord of worthy fame,
And a hunting he would rid,
Attended by a noble train
Of gentry by his side.

And while he did in chace remain,
To see both sport and play;
His lady went, as she did feign,
Unto the church to pray.

This lord he had a daughter dear,
Whose beauty shone so bright,
She was belov'd, both far and near,
Of many a lord and knight.

Fair Isabella was she call'd,
A creature fair was she;
She was her father's only joy,
As you shall after see:

Therefore her cruel step-mother
Did envy her so much;
That day by day she sought her life,
Her malice it was such.

She

She bargain'd with the master-cook,
To take her life away :
And taking of her daughter's book,
She thus to her did say :

Go home, sweet daughter, I thee pray,
Go hasten presently ;
And tell unto the master-cook
These words that I tell thee.

And bid him dress to dinner straight
That fair and milk-white doe,
That in the park doth shine so bright,
There's none so fair to show.

This lady fearing of no harm,
Obey'd her mother's will ;
And presently she hasted home,
Her pleasure to fulfil.

She straight into the kitchen went,
Her message for to tell ;
And there she spy'd the master-cook,
Who did with malice swell.

Now, master-cook, it must be so,
Do that which I thee tell :
You needs must dress the milk-white doe
Which you do know full well.

Then straight his cruel bloody hands,
He on the lady laid ;
Who quivering and shaking stands,
While thus to her he said :

Thou art the doe, that I must dress ;
See here, behold my knife ;
For it is pointed presently
To rid thee of thy life,

O then,

O then, cry'd out the scullion-boy,
 As loud as loud might be ;
 O save her life, good master-cook,
 And make your pyes of me !

For pity's sake do not destroy
 My lady with your knife ;
 You know she is her father's joy ;
 For Christ's sake save her life.

I will not save her life, he said,
 Nor make my pyes of thee ;
 Yet if thou dost this deed betray,
 Thy butcher I will be.

Now when this lord he did come home
 For to sit down and eat ;
 He called for his daughter dear,
 To come and carve his meat.

Now sit you down, his lady said,
 O sit you down to meat :
 Into some nunnery she is gone ;
 Your daughter dear forget.

Then solemnly he made a vow,
 Before the company ;
 That he would neither eat nor drink,
 Until he did her see.

O then bespake the scullion-boy,
 With a loud voice so high :
 If now you will your daughter see,
 My lord, cut up that pie ;
 Wherein her flesh is minced small,
 And parched with the fire ;
 All caused by her step-mother,
 Who did her death desire,

S O N G S.

And curst be the master-cook,
O curst may he be!
I proffer'd him my own heart's blood,
From death to set her free.

Then all in black this lord did mourn;
And for his daughter's sake,
He judg'd her cruel step mother
To be burnt at a stake.

Likewise he judg'd the master-cook
In boiling-lead to stand,
And made the simple scullion-boy
The heir of all his land.

S O N G.

The Linnets.

AS bringing home the other day,
Two linnets I had ta'en,
The little warblers seem'd to pray
For liberty again;
Unheedful of their plaintive notes,
I sung across the mead;
In vain they tun'd their pleasing throats,
And flutter'd to be freed.

As passing through the tufted grove,
Near which my co'tage stood,
I thought I saw the queen of love,
When Ciora's charms I view'd;
I look'd, I gaz'd, I press'd her stay,
To hear my tender tale;
But all in vain—she fled away,
Nor could my signs prevail.

Soon,

Soon, through the wound which love had made,
 Came pity to my breast;
 And thus (as compassion bade)
 The feather'd pair address'd:
 Ye little warblers chearful be,
 Remember not ye flew;
 For I, who thought myself so free,
 Am far more caught than you.

S O N G.

The Lass of Peaty's Mill,

THE lass of Peaty's mill,
 So bonny, blithe, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 Hath stole my heart away.
 When tedding of the hay
 Are headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn;
 To age it would give youth,
 To press 'em with his hand.
 Through all my spirits ran
 An extasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fand
 Wrap in a ha'my kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.

Her

Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.
 O had I all that wealth
 Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she
 The lass of Peaty's mill,
 Shou'd share the same wi' me.

S O N G.

Shakespeare's Garland.

LET beauty with the sun arise,
 To Shakespeare tribute pay;
 With heavenly smiles and sparkling eyes,
 Give grace and lustre to the day.
 Each smile she gives protects his name,
 What face shall dare to frown?
 Not envy's self can blast the fame
 Which beauty deigns to crown.

S O N G.

The Invitation.

COME, Colin, pride of rural swains,
 O come and bless thy native plains;
 The daisies spring, the beeches bud,
 The songsters warble in the wood.

Come, Colin, haste, O haste away,
Your smiles will make the village gay;
When you return, the vernal breeze
Will wake the buds, and fan the trees.

Oh! come and see the violets spring,
The meadows laugh, the linnets sing;
Your eyes our joyless hearts can cheer,
O haste! and make us happy here.

A Scotch Ballad.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And flow'rs were fair to see;
When Mary was compleat fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her eye;
Blithe Jockey's looks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free:
Gang down the burn, my gentle love,
And soon I'll follow thee.

Now Jockey did each lad surpass
That dwelt on this burn side;
And Mary was a bonny lass,
Just met to be a bride:
Her cheeks were rosy red and white,
Her eyes were azure blue,
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
And nothing sure unmeet!
For, ganging home, I heard them say,
They lik'd a walk so sweet:
His cheek to her's he fondly laid;
She cry'd, Sweet love, be true;
And when a wife, as now a maid,
To death I'll follow you.

S O N G.

*Sung at Vauxhall.***M**AIDENS, let your lovers languish,

If you'd have them constant prove ;

Doubts and fears, and sighs and anguish,

Are the chains that fasten love.

Jockey woo'd, and I consented,

Soon as e'er I heard his tale :

He, with conquest quite contented,

Boasting, rov'd around the vale.

Now he doats on scornful Molly,

Who rejects him with disdain :

Love's a strange bewitching folly,

Never pleas'd without some pain.

F I N I S.



